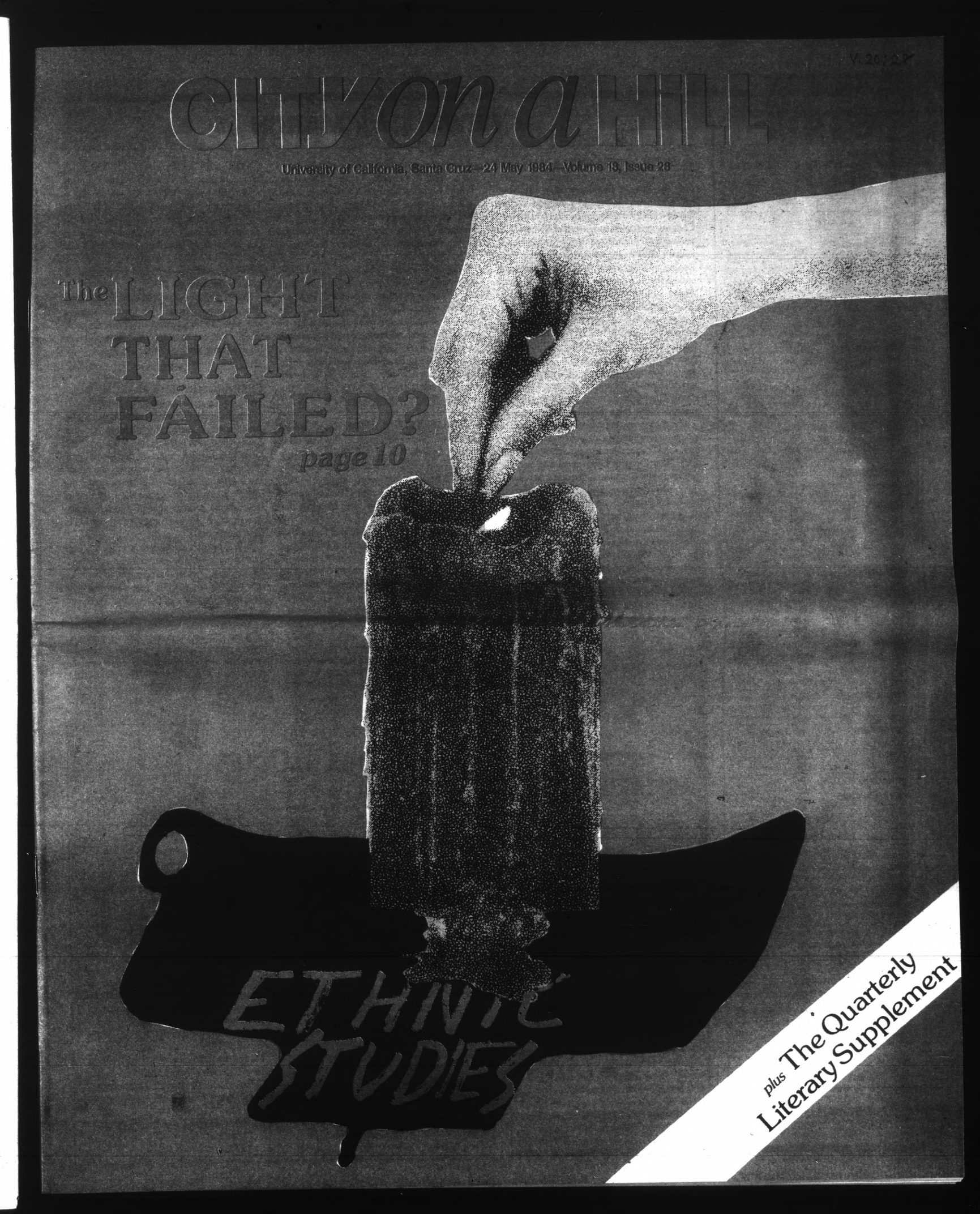
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city on a HILL

University of California, Santa Cruz - 24 May 1984 - Volume 18, Issue 28

The LIGHT THAT FAILED?

page 10



plus The Quarterly Literary Supplement

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"The Best Weekly in the State"—California Intercollegiate Press Association, 1984

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Phone: editorial, 429-2430; business, 429-4350; advertising, 429-4359; job shop, 429-2640. Send all mail to *City on a Hill*, UCSC, Santa Cruz, CA 95064. *City on a Hill* is published weekly from the last week in September to the first week in June except for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and spring quarter break by *City on a Hill Press*, a registered University of California at Santa Cruz student organization.

Subscriptions are available for $12 per year or $5 per quarter (10 weeks). Make checks payable to *City on a Hill Press*.

Printed by Alonzo Printing, South San Francisco

"The people must have something good to read on a Sunday."
—The Clash

"A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid."
—Jesus Christ

NEWS *on the* MARCH

RUSE ON THE MARCH: Using unusual accounting methods and circuitous arms transfers, the Reagan administration is bypassing spending limits imposed by Congress, according to classified government documents and Congressional and administration officials. The normal process for approving financial and military aid is to go through Congress, but the Reagan administration is currently providing money for US military activities in Central America outside the military and intelligence programs specifically approved by Congress.

Representative Lee Hamilton (D-Indiana), a member of both the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence and the House Foreign Affairs Committee, said a "group within the administration wants to win a military victory in Central America," and was "going to push the law to its limits to get the support and resources down there that they think they need."

The documents and officials revealed that the accounting methods being used essentially provide for Defense Department subsidies to the CIA. The Defense Department supplied the CIA with ships, planes, guns, and other equipment at low cost; improved a Honduran air base at a cost of $200,000 and then gave it to the CIA to use as a base for shipping supplies to the Nicaraguan contras. The Defense Department also provided millions of dollars worth of training for Honduran armed forces, and built two radar installations in Honduras which are now used by the CIA and Honduran and Salvadoran military. Other CIA operations, not included in the funding approved by Congress, are also under scrutiny because their source of funding is unclear.

FUSE ON THE MARCH: In response to speculation that PG&E will soon apply for a full power license for Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant, several members of Congress have asked the Committee on Energy and the Environment to hold further safety hearings. Representative William Thomas, a Republican from Bakersfield, wrote a letter to the committee which, according to Thomas's press secretary, requested further examination of the safety of the now-radioactive plant.

Since the discovery of the active Hosgri earthquake fault two-and-a-half miles from the plant site, hundreds of design, procedural, and construction errors have been discovered at the plant. One such error resulted in leakage of radioactive water six hours after the plant was brought on line. "[Representative Thomas's] stand basically is that nothing should be done [to Diablo] until it is safe," said press secretary Allan Krauter. "It's mainly a problem for the engineers."

SUES ON THE MARCH: One hundred and twenty thousand Japanese-Americans interned in World War II concentration camps have no right to file a suit asking for compensation, a federal district court judge has ruled. The judge said that the statute of limitations ran out more than 30 years ago, and therefore the suit is invalid.

The plaintiffs claim the statute of limitations should not have been invoked until last year, when the federal commission issued a report on the relocation. Survivors said the report brought to light new evidence of government duplicity that is essential to mounting a suit. The federal study found that the internment was a "grave injustice" motivated by "race prejudice, war hysteria, and a failure of political leadership."

If the ruling is not overturned on appeal, it will eliminate the possibility of the Japanese-Americans winning compensation in court for their losses. The suit asked for payments of $20,000 to each of the surviving 60,000 detainees.

OOZE ON THE MARCH: The CIA, seeking support for the anti-Sandinista contras, unofficially asked Israel and Saudi Arabia to help fund the covert war according to the Washington *Post*. Citing "informed sources," the *Post* reported that Saudi Arabia declined to give any aid, but some intelligence officials said Israel provided the contras, via a Latin American intermediary, with secret financial aid that totalled in the millions.

One senior Israeli official denied the allegations, however, saying, "We have not supplied any money to the contras, either directly or indirectly. We are not consciously or with knowledge passing anything to the contras."

FERRARO ON THE MARCH: Democratic leaders tried last week to rescind the party's traditional endorsement of the Equal Rights Amendment in their 1984 platform, but were soon chased back into line by ERA supporters. Geraldine Ferraro, chair of the Democratic Platform Committee, told reporters at a breakfast meeting that the 1983 platform should not include a specific pledge for the ERA; rather there should be statement of principle saying women should be guaranteed equal rights "in the Constitution."

"We hope each constituent group will realize that we can't promise everything to everyone," Ferraro said. "If we have to put in a lot of specifics, we are going to have a lot of people walk away from the platform. But we're not walking away from our commitments."

However, after receiving several telephone calls and meeting with prominent supporters, Ferraro gave in and issued a statement agreeing to include a plank specifically endorsing the constitutional amendment. The Democratic platform has included an ERA plank since 1944.

WHAT'S *news*

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Shaw Goes to Court

Two years after Chancellor Sinsheimer's decision to deny Nancy Shaw tenure, her case has gone to court. On May 18, just one day before the two-year legal deadline to file a court complaint, Shaw charged the university with "breach of contract, wrongful discharge, defamation, sex discrimination, and denial of due process and the right to free speech and association," in the California Superior Court. "I believe these charges are correct and I believe the requested remedies—full reinstatement, promotion, tenure, direct damages, punitive damages, attorneys' fees and all other legal costs—are the correct resolution of the situation," said Shaw in a press conference Tuesday. "It is no more, and perhaps less than what the university owes me."

Shaw postponed court action for two years because she hoped her case could be settled out of court. The federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), which ruled in late April that Shaw was a victim of sex discrimination, is currently facilitating conciliation talks between Shaw and the university. Although the talks have been unsuccessful so far, an agreement can still be reached while the court case is in progress. Michelle Welsh, one of Shaw's attorneys, said, "We remain hopeful that negotiations at the EEOC level will be fruitful."

"I regret that I have had to go to the court system to force the university to obey US and state law as well as its own procedures," added Shaw. "But unfortunately, the administration has been unwilling to admit its errors and resolve this conflict. Consequently we have no choice [but to go to court.]"

Shaw remains optimistic about her case. "I hope that my successful struggle with the UC administration will help create a more open university where faculty, students and staff live and work in an atmosphere of feminism, racial diversity, and political freedom," Shaw said. "I also hope that our success in this suit will significantly improve the climate for the gay and lesbian faculty and staff at UC."

Donna Haraway, coordinator of the Women's Studies Program at UCSC, said "we hope that this issue can be settled out of court. It is important to the university that Nancy Shaw is here to teach in the fall... Shaw [is] a crucial faculty resource."

—Robin Lovell

Seaside Recognizes Union

HERE to Stay

by Todd Woody

COCOANUT GROVE AND WELLington's Restaurant workers scored a major victory last Friday when the Seaside Company unexpectedly dropped its nine-month old challenge to the employees' union and agreed to begin contract negotiations. Seaside's decision came on the heels of a federal National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) directive ordering the company to negotiate and increasing community pressure on management to recognize the union. Negotiations between Seaside and the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees Union (HERE), Local 483 will begin on June 1.

"I think it [Seaside's recognition of the union] was not a result on any one event but a combination of community awareness, media attention, informational picket lines, and the NLRB ruling," said Grove waiter and union activist Doug Grant.

In recent weeks the workers' In-House Organizing Committee staged a number of demonstrations and informational picket lines to publicize their struggle and gain community support to force Seaside to the bargaining table.

Union activists say community support of Grove workers was a prime factor in bringing Seaside to the bargaining table.

Boardwalk and Grove—an estimated $42,000 loss for Seaside.

"I think that the fact that 3600 people [machinist union members] wouldn't be coming over the hill made local businesspeople realize that they were going to lose some money [because of Seaside]," said Grant. "Even if only 10 percent of those [union members]—360 people—had stayed at local hotels they [the merchants] could have made a bit of money."

Seaside's decision to negotiate surprised many workers and union officals who had predicted that the company would appeal the NLRB ruling all the way to the US Supreme Court. Until last week the company had consistently rejected the legitimacy of the Cocoanut Grove bargaining unit. After workers voted-in the union last August the company retained the San Francisco law firm of Littler, Mendelson, Fastiff, and Tichy—which union officals call the third-largest anti-labor firm in the nation—and appealed the election to the regional NLRB in Oakland. The NLRB dismissed Seaside's claim that the bargaining unit should include Boardwalk employees and certified the union election on October 25. Seaside's continuing refusal to recognize HERE led the Oakland NLRB to file an unfair labor practices complaint against the company in November.

Faced with the prospect of another year of legal challenges, Grove and Wellington's workers formed the In-House Organizing Committee in February and launched their public campaign late the following month. Workers and their supporters organized informational picket lines on Easter and Mother's Day and packed the city council chambers to lobby for a resolution backing their efforts.

The council instead assigned Mayor John Laird the task of bringing the two sides to the bargaining table. Laird—rebuffed only last week by Seaside Company President Charles Canfield in a letter later published as an ad in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*—said he was "extremely pleased" by Seaside's decision to negotiate.

Seaside's reasons for its sudden move towards recognition remain unclear. Company representative Glenn LaFrank declined to comment but HERE Secretary-Treasurer Lenny O'Neil speculated that the informational pickets, council action, and likely boycotts became "too aggravating" for Seaside. Grant said that he believes that Seaside may have realized that continued resistence would become costly in terms of business and community support.

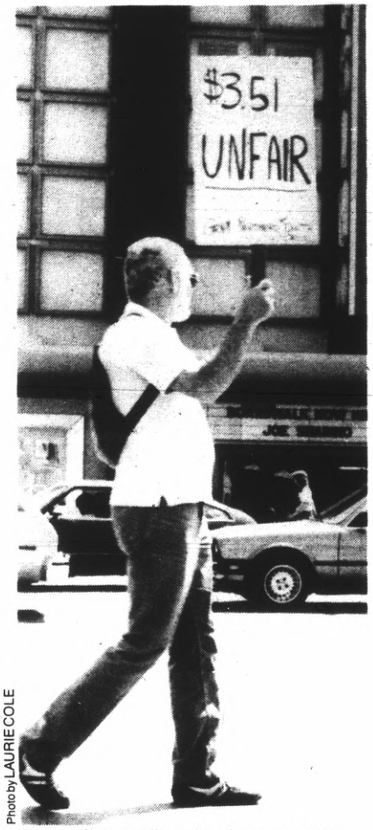


Photo by LAURIE COLE

Union officials will seek an increase in the worker's minimum wages.

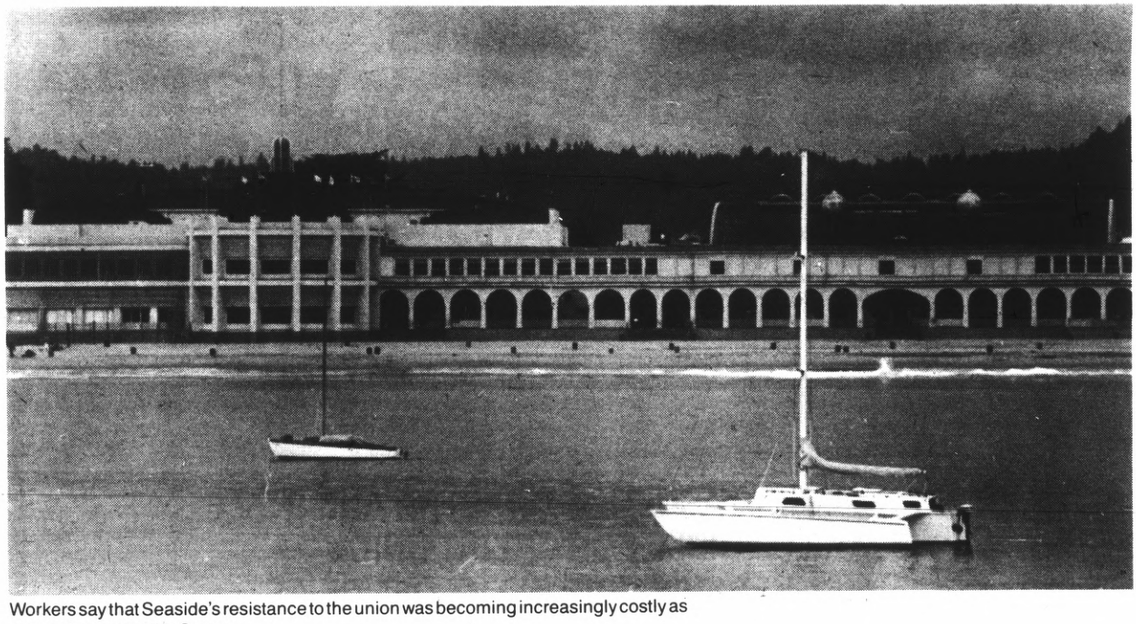


Photo by KARIN VICTORIA

Workers say that Seaside's resistance to the union was becoming increasingly costly as groups boycotted the Grove.

On April 24 the Santa Cruz City Council unanimously voted to offer Mayor John Laird's services to facilitate negotiations—an offer the Seaside Company vehemently rejected.

Area unions took direct action to support the Grove workers by boycotting the company and inundating Seaside with letters urging negotiations. On May 2 San Jose's Machinists Union Local 1101 cancelled its annual picnic at the

Once negotiations start Grant said that the Grove and Wellington's workers "want the community to know what's going on. It's important that [negotiations] remain in the eye of the community."

According to O'Neil, he, HERE attorney Eugene Miller, and three or four Cocoanut Grove and Wellington's workers will sit on the union negotiating team.

"We want the negotiations to be as democratic as possible," said Grant. He said that the In-House Organizing Committee will survey the interests of each work area regarding the contract. Workers in those areas will elect a representative to the employees negotiating committee which in turn will select three or four employees to sit down at the table with the Seaside management and their lawyers.

O'Neil said that although the union's bargaining position has not been solidified yet, HERE will most likely seek wage increases, medical benefits, job security, and vacations for the workers. Presently, Cocoanut Grove and Wellington's workers do not receive any such benefits. The employees' wages run from approximately $3.51 to $5.50, which they say is several dollars below union standards.

Both workers and union officals were reluctant to forecast the course of negotiations. "Seaside may realize that it's in their best interests to settle," commented Grant, "but at the same time we know very well about their stalling tactics." But Grant said that in any case, "We're as organized and strong as we've ever been. We'll be ready when it's time to sit down at that table."

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Local Mondale Campaign

Santa Cruz Gets the Fritz

by Linda Turpin

IN THE HOTLY-CONTESTED RACE for the Democratic presidential nomination—with the candidates alternately putting their differences on the back burner in the name of unity, and turning up the heat as the June 5 primaries approach—the Santa Cruz campaign for Walter Mondale has kept a relatively low profile.

Unlike the local Hart and Jackson campaigns, which raise money for their candidates' war chests through events such as the recent UCSC breakdancing fundraiser for Jesse Jackson, local Mondale people are concentrating on grassroots politicking, phoning democrats in the county, writing letters to the editor, participating in speakers' forums, and putting out bumperstickers and buttons—rather than fundraising.

According to Jan Reid, who is assisting the Mondale state campaign in the Santa Cruz area, while Jackson and Hart supporters need to make money for their candidates campaigns, Mondale is approaching his spending limit. "Walter Mondale has tremendous support and that's why he's been able to raise all this money. They've [Mondale's campaign] raised money beyond their wildest expectations," said Reid.

Last week, Mondale finished his California campaign stumping in preparation for the June primary, having virtually ignored Nebraska and Oregon—primaries where Hart scored victories. Although only 67 delegates were at stake in Nebraska and Oregon, Hart's success in these states helped boost his image as a winner.

Hart's strong showing in those two primaries contrasted with his poor showing at California's Mexican-American Political Association's (MAPA) convention in San Jose on May 13, where he received 24 out of 270 votes. Mondale barely edged out Jackson for the MAPA endorsement, receiving 125 to Jackson's 121. Luther Wallace, who heads up the local Jackson campaign, says, given the four vote difference, whether the victory was Mondale's "is debatable", and he expects a "significant turnout for Jackson in the Latino community in California." Hispanics constitute 16 percent of the California electorate.

According to Tim Jenkins, co-chair of the Santa Cruz committtee of Americans with Hart, the local presidential campaigns lack the bitterness that is present in the national campaign. "We're just not letting that seep in."

Reid said he believes the candidates are "three people who have basically agreed on 95 percent of the things during the course of the campaign" and says "there haven't been any deep differences."

There are, however, some differences.

Both Jackson and Hart oppose US military intervention in Central America while Mondale said he would maintain a US presence in Central America until a negotiated settlement is reached. "Hart said that he will pull the troops out," said Reid. "He just didn't say when. Mondale's position is that he would leave some troops in—he's talked about a couple of hundred troops—and try to negotiate a solution in Central America."



The local presidential campaigns lack the bitterness of the national level.

Liz Zelhoeffer, a local campaigner for Mondale, said she thinks one major difference between Mondale and Hart is their attitude toward a nuclear freeze. She points out that Mondale has always strongly supported the freeze, while Hart has changed his position six times.

"Right before the New York primary Hart termed the freeze 'symbolic,' " said Reid, who disagrees with Hart's assessment of the freeze. "It [the freeze] will do exactly what John Kennedy's initiative in 1961 did, when he stopped above-ground nuclear testing." Reid said the nuclear freeze will accomplish the same thing. "If the United States stops, the Russians will stop."

Another major distinction between the Mondale and Hart campaigns, according to Reid, is taxation policy. Mondale proposes traditional kinds of tax reforms: the more you make, the more you pay. Hart's plan for a tax on consumption, said Reid, would mean that "people on the lower end of the economic scale pay taxes on 100 percent of their income, and people on the highest end pay taxes on maybe 50 percent of their income. The poor have no disposable income."

Hart and Mondale's positions on the defense budget—in terms of dollars—are fairly similar, and unlike Jackson's who proposes slashing defense money by 20 percent. Reid thinks it would be impossible to pass a budget with that kind of defense cut. "The votes are simply not there."

Speaking to what he considers Mondale's strength as presidential material, Reid said, "He knows what the pressures are, and he knows how to get things through the Senate and Congress—he understands how to work the mechanics of government." Reid questions Hart's ability to withstand pressure, and as an example, points to Hart's vote for James Watt for Secretary of the Interior just after Reagan's election. "James Watt was the attorney for some kind of anti-environmentalist group in Colorado, which was essentially funded by Joe Coors. I lived in Colorado for two years and I certainly knew who James Watt was. I'm sure Gary Hart did too."

Local Hart supporters, some of whom may not agree completely with Hart on all issues, claim that his image of electability makes him the candidate best able to oust Reagan.

Despite Hart's tag of "electability," Reid believes that Mondale, who is endorsed by organizations within the Democratic party—such as feminist groups, education and civil rights groups, and labor unions—has the best chance of beating Reagan.

Early in the campaign, the AFL-CIO broke with its tradition of waiting until the general election to endorse a candidate, and gave Mondale its endorsement. "From the outset, Mondale had a better case to make with organized labor than any of the other candidates," said Reid. "He had the best labor record."

Mondale was subsequently assailed by Senators Glenn and Hart for accepting contributions from what they called a special interest group. "Every endorsement Walter Mondale got, Gary Hart sought. He was trying just as hard as Mondale was to get it. I just think it's a little hypocritical to seek an endorsement and then attack someone for taking it," said Reid.

Santa Cruzans running as Mondale delegates on the June 5 ballot are Jerry Zelhoeffer and Elizabeth Moore.

Jenkins wants Hart to win the nomination at the Democratic National Convention in July, but if Mondale wins: "our group would turn into a 'Mondale for President' campaign," said Jenkins. "There's no question in my mind that any of the three candidates would be better than Reagan."

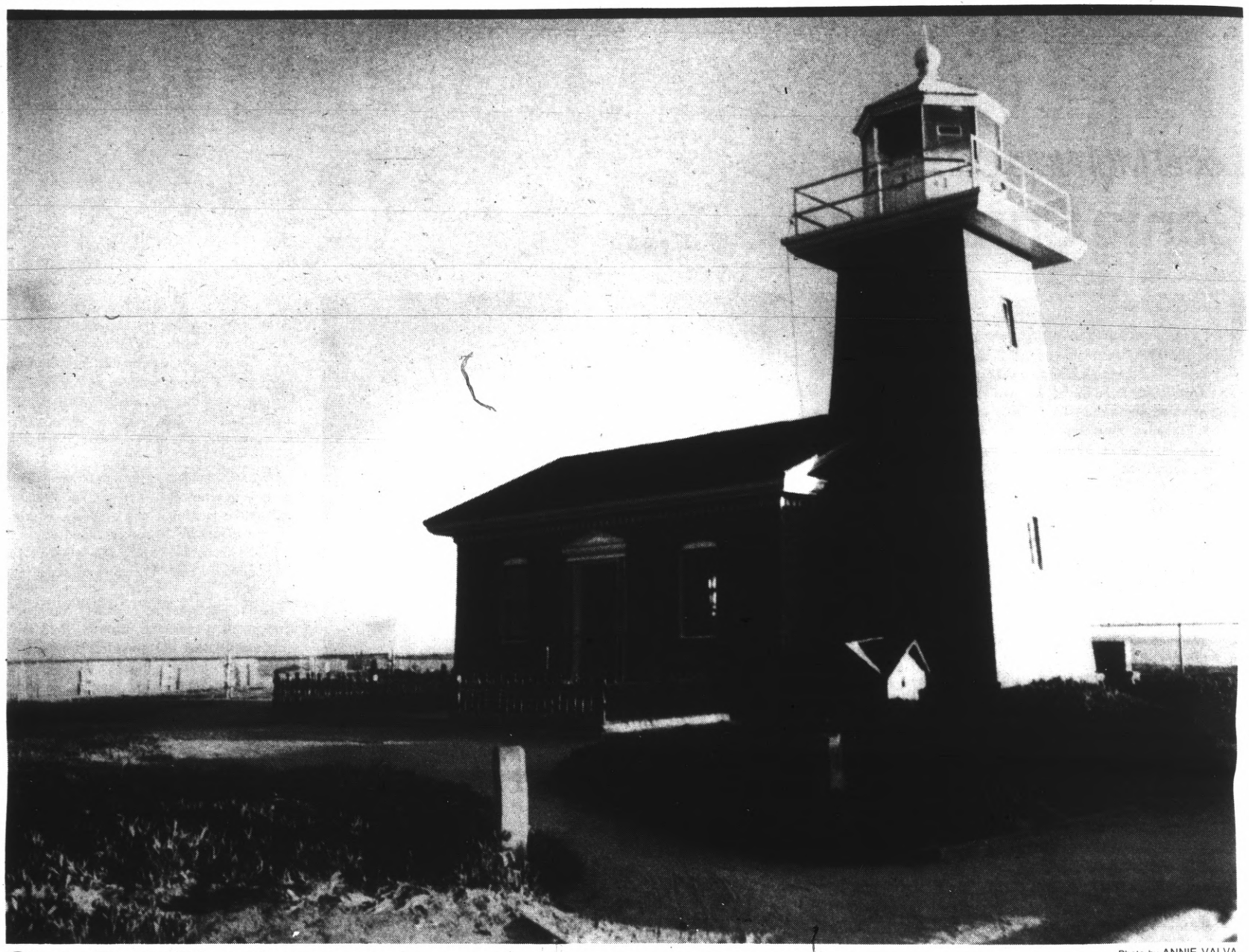


Photo by ANNIE VALVA

State Park Plan Approved

Lighthouse Field Keeps Its Grassroots

by Charlotte Kaufman

ONCE UPON A TIME, NOT SO LONG AGO, Santa Cruz was the land of opportunity for eager urban coastline developers. It was not famous for its progressive politics, grassroots movements, or influential student vote. The town was "ripe for change" and the business sector and local government had joined forces to promote large-scale growth.

In the late 1960s developers made plans for the Miamiazation of Lighthouse Field across from West Cliff Drive. But a small group of Santa Cruzans organized to protect the 37 scenic acres of coastline property from being the site of residential and commercial construction. The Save Lighthouse Field Association (SLFA) mushroomed into one of Santa Cruz's first and most influential grassroots movements.

The movement's efforts culminated on May 11, when the state Parks and Recreation Commission approved the general plans for Lighthouse Field State Park. The commission's approval was the latest in a series of victories for development opponents in the 12-year struggle.

"The Lighthouse Field movement was always a funky kind of movement. It involved a lot of people and it took a long time," said Michaelangelo Rosato, a member of the city and county's Lighthouse Field Committee (LFC), who became involved with SLFA in 1972. "Lighthouse Field seemed like the obvious issue to get involved in."

Generating support was not a hard task for the SLFA. The development plans for a convention center and shopping complex on the field had been common knowledge since the late '60s. But as the plans moved toward the final stage, the community mobilized to oppose the project.

In mid-1972 a surfer named John Scott sold his car to pay for a full-page ad in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* that pleaded for help to save the field. At the same time, Katherine Beirers, Russel Kline and a few other West Cliff residents started the Save Lighthouse Point Association—later known as the SLFA. Beirers, a UCSC University Librarian, said the group realized that they had to move fast—construction was to begin in the spring of 1973.

The developers were anxious to get started. The original project in the '60s was based on elaborate plans for a trade center to be designed by the Frank Lloyd Wright Associates. But the "Court of Seven Seas" project fell through and Peter Pasetta who owned the property sold it to TMI, an investment group for teachers. TMI and the city formed plans for a convention/shopping/condominium center, with four seven-story buildings and nine acres of parking lots.

"The whole thrust of the business community was to have as much growth as possible," said Andy Schiffrin, an aide to Santa Cruz County Supervisor Gary Patton. Schiffrin, who became involved with SLFA in 1972, explained that the biggest hang-up in the project was securing a hotel. But after Hilton Hotels agreed to build on the property in the summer of 1972, SLFA had less than a year to save the field.

"There was a long-standing commitment to major development on the field," said Schiffrin. Both the city council and the board of supervisors supported the project, along with the business community. The city and the county formed the Joint Powers Association (JPA) to finance the convention center's $1.6 million cost. The federal Economic Development Administration would provide half the funds.

"Building something on Lighthouse Field was a popular idea at one point," said Rosato. "Public officials were getting elected on promises that they would get development moving.

"That official stance was confusing because when we first started out, we thought we were all alone," continued Rosato. But opposition against the proposed development gained momentum. Schiffrin said the SLFA organized a complex strategy.

"We planned out every possible recourse," said Patton, who worked in a private law firm at the time. The SLFA approached Patton who soon became involved, eventually volunteering his legal services. "As soon as people really understood the project, they didn't like it," said Patton.

"THE FIRST RAY OF HOPE" WAS THE PASSAGE of Proposition 20, the state Coastal Act, in 1972. According to Schiffrin, former mayor and councilmember Bert Muhly was a driving force behind the act, which set up regional state Coastal Commissions. "Proposition 20 developed out of the feeling that local governments were allowing too much development on the coast," said Schiffrin. The Lighthouse Field project now required approval from the Coastal Commission.

The late '60s and early '70s produced a new attitude towards the preservation of the environment. "It was the right place and the right time," said Rosato. Hundreds of citizens attended hearings of the city planning commission, city council, and the coastal commission. The SLFA presented "credible and technical testimonies" according to Schiffrin.

'The biggest task was to convince people that it was possible to stop the project.'

"The biggest task was to convince the people that is was possible to stop the project," commented Schiffrin. After strong testimonies, the planning commission rejected the proposed project. But this was not the end of the development plans; the next test would be in the city council.

The Lighthouse Field issue was the focal point for the 1973 city council elections. It was the first city council election in which students could vote and liberal-environmentalists Bert Muhly, Virginia Sharp, and Sally Di Girolamo took the three open seats.

"The main thrust of the Lighthouse movement was not traditionally political," said Rosato. "It was along the lines of a populist citizens movement."

Despite community opposition, the council approved the project by a 4-3 vote. "The entire weight of the establishment came down on the side of the project," said Patton.

The plan then went to the Coastal Commission and again encountered strong SLFA opposition at the hearings. But the project did not meet the stringent guidelines set up by Proposition 20 for coastline development. It was rejected in the spring of 1974.

The 1974 elections provided Santa Cruzans with the opportunity to express their opinion on the city and the county's involvement in Lighthouse Field. The JPA planned on selling revenue bonds to pay for construction. Such financing was usally subject to the vote of the citizens, however the auspices of the JPA offered local government immunity from that vote.

Patton wrote an initiative which prohibited the city from participating in the project. Measure A passed by 68 percent of the vote in the June elections. Although the measure didn't strike the final blow against the project, the development opponents considered the election a major victory. Private developers could still go through with their end of the deal. But several business leaders compromised instead, and worked with local government to find a way to obtain the Field from TMI.

"The organizing around Lighthouse Field is possibly the single most important political thing that happened in Santa Cruz," said councilmember Mardi Wormhoudt.

Riding a wave of environmental opposition to the project, Patton was elected to the board of supervisors in the 1974 elections. Although the SLFA persuaded Patton to run, the group declined to endorse any political candidates. After his election, Patton worked to obtain state monies to purchase the Field.

"What was happening with Lighthouse Field was indicative of what was happening in the community altogether," said Schiffrin. "There was a fundamental shift in attitudes about growth.

Patton said the Lighthouse Field movement gave citizens "a real sense of their own ability to decide what the community was going to become."

"Other issues created alliances and coalitions and a system of mutual support emerged," said Schiffrin. A massive housing plan for the Wilder Ranch in North Santa Cruz never got off the ground due to quick organization and state-level maneuverings. An east-side development dispute led to a height limit on buildings in the city. In 1978 voters passed Measure J, the county's growth management system.

"A TRANSITION WAS OCCURRING AND IT IS still in fact in process, but it took ten years to be felt," said Schiffrin. The battle to save Lighthouse Field was only partially over. In February, 1976, the city and county organized a Lighthouse Field Advisory Committee (LFC) with representatives from both the council and board, local business, SLFA members, and other Santa Cruzans. The committee had to convince the state to buy the field and turn it into a state park.

The state eventually agreed to buy the field and in 1981 announced that it reached a settlement with TMI. The state bought the property for an estimated $5.6 million and paid Santa Cruz $560,000 for the four acres which the city owned. The city and the county are planning on splitting the development and maintenance costs estimated at $1 million. In addition, the city will be responsible for erosion-control along West Cliff Drive.

After the state purchase, the LFC proceeded with development plans. "The park planning was consistent with the citizen's movement," said Wormhoudt, the council's representative to the LFC until January—a position now held by councilmember Jane Weed. LFC held a number of workshops and hearings and hired a professional landscaping firm to facilitate the process.

The consultants drafted a proposal, approved by the city council in 1982. The board of supervisors and Coastal Commission also accepted the park plan and sent it to the state Parks and Recreation Commission for approval.

But Wes Reed, a member of the West Cliff Preservation Association, claimed the workshops "left the public out." The Preservation Association protested plans for moving West Cliff Drive 200 feet away from the coast and for also moving the Lighthouse parking lot inland. Other Santa Cruzans wanted West Cliff Drive blocked off or rerouted. But according to Wormhoudt, many citizens considered the general development plans to be a fair compromise.

"There were still people dissatisfied," admitted Wormhoudt, "but it is not because we didn't try." She said that the Preservation Association "didn't get involved until the whole process was over." Nevertheless, the council responded to the Preservation Association's objections and modified the Lighthouse Field plans, by adding an amendment to the original proposal.

'The Lighthouse Field organizing was possibly the single most important political thing that happened in Santa Cruz.'

Despite the last-minute dispute, the state Parks Commission approved the plan by a 3-2 vote. The Preservation Association won their battle as the Commissioners decided not to move West Cliff Drive at all. The plans entail very few changes to the open field. The park will be primarily a site for recreational use.

"Now we can get the plans back and deal with the city and county again," said LFC chairperson Jim Franks. "It's a community issue again." He said that the LFC plans more workshops and hearings for input on the fine details of the park. "A lot of high energies came out in the '60s and '70s for the preservation of our land. It isn't there right now," commented Franks.

Wormhoudt said on the other hand, "People have continued to work on the discovery that they can take charge and control. The situation right now in Santa Cruz—in which 72 percent of the voters expressed the opinion that the university shouldn't be exempt from the city's land use policies and planning process—is just an extension of what the people learned in '70s."

The Lighthouse Field issue demonstrated that citizens opposed the changes the local government and business developed. As the environmental movement spread throughout the country, Santa Cruzans mobilized to protect the area from major growth. Said Wormhoudt, "Santa Cruz is a small enough community still that people have a real sense of access to power and because of that, a real ability to take power in making those important decisions."

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Photo by LAURIE COLE

UCSC Ombudsperson Rena Grant

Ombudsperson Rena Grant

This Bud's for You

by Elisabeth Weber

THE NEWS THAT UCSC HAS A new ombudsperson is not likely to arouse curiosity on campus. Few students know exactly what an ombudsperson does, and have only a vague idea of what the word itself means. The invisibility of her position makes Rena Grant's efforts to publicize her services difficult. But Grant is anxious to correct the situation; she hopes to make people aware of her presence by teaching assertiveness workshops and performing outreach work on campus.

However, Grant's attempts to publicize her services are hampered by a policy of strict confidentiality about her work. Any attempt she makes to explain precisely her position gets bogged down in generalities. She is willing to discuss basic responsibilities, but is unable to elaborate.

The invisibility of her position has created difficulties for Grant. A student with a problem would have to hear of her existence by word-of-mouth, since she won't provide details about the cases she's handled.

All this secrecy can be frustrating for a student with a grievance who doesn't know where to turn. As ombudsperson, Grant says, her job is to mediate conflicts between university employees. She stresses that she can only deal with university related issues, such as the violation of an employee's rights by a university representative, and unfair administrative policies or decisions.

Her powers are limited, though. "Some people will call up and ask me about getting out of required classes," she sighs. "I don't have a magic wand." According to Grant, the majority of the cases she handles arise from poor communication skills between people. Grant attempts to help people help themselves, and intervenes directly only when all possible channels of communication have been exhausted. "When students are not sure where to go," she says, "I explain what options are available, and what they need to do to take care of it."

The procedure for mediating a conflict usually begins with Grant holding an informal discussion with the alleged offender. If this fails, Grant guides the complainant through a formal grievance procedure. "You can have a hearing," she explains. "It has happened, but not since I've been here."

Grant handles a variety of issues. "Students see me about admissions and graduation requirements, if they have problems with the faculty, or with their evaluations. But I've also had some food and housing cases," she said. But once again, when pressed for specifics, her tone becomes vague. She says housing complaints crop up occasionally, but refuses to describe a particular case. She does admit that housing complaints usually involve conflicts with roommates, and that she has received grievances against SAGA.

"I want to make sure individual rights are not being lost through bureaucracy," she said. Grant believes in the effectiveness of bureaucracy, and advises people not to try to supersede or violate the chain of command. Technically, Grant is part of the chancellor's office, but views herself as working independently in her "little box in the hierarchy." Grant reports to the chancellor, but only provides him with statistics, and any policy changes she recommends must go through him. Her work is more of a cooperative effort with others than a position of authority. "My role is to investigate, persuade and negotiate," she says with a laugh. "Sometimes I'm not successful, and sometimes I am."

Grant has spent a major portion of her life in academia. A college drop-out, she eventually went back to school to receive a Masters degree in counseling at Hayward State. After finishing her degree, Grant accepted a job with Mental Health Services in Los Banos, working mainly as a child counselor. After noticing a high incidence of alcoholism in the women of the community, she opened a re-entry center to get them out of their homes to participate in a variety of workshops and activities.

From there Grant moved to Fresno and began working as a counselor at Fresno City College. She also taught women's studies at Fresno State, and advised and counseled on the side, doing on an informal basis there what she is doing now at UCSC.

Grant empathizes with the difficulties reentry women face. She says they must cope with an added dimension to the problems most students have, since they often have to juggle school, marriage, children, and jobs. She added that they often face subtle age discrimination which pervades the campus community. "Faculty can have a mind set against older students," says Grant, "thinking that college is [only] for younger people."

However, Grant believes that some of the reentry women's difficulties are self-inflicted. "They don't have more problems than younger students," she said, "they just think they do." Part of the problem is a lack of communication between the two age groups; many of the reentry women don't talk to the younger students, Grant says, so they have no way of knowing they have the same problems. The younger students, she added, tend to view the older women as more motivated and better equipped to deal with the workload, and assume they don't need any help.

Grant believes strongly that people should help themselves—a belief which developed from her struggle as an older woman in a world traditionally reserved for the young. The source of her attitude becomes even clearer when she reveals her Chicana and Italian background. "At one time in my personal life, I felt an identity crisis, coming from two ethnic backgrounds," she said.

"Ombudsman" is Grant's real job title, but she dislikes the term. "Initially I felt uncomfortable with the title," she laughs, "but I was told that since it is a Swedish term, it didn't make a difference." Although she has not yet attempted to change the title formally, she intends to pursue the issue and prefers to be known as the ombudsperson in the meantime.

Overall, Grant believes that strong support for women's issues exists at UCSC. She says that subtle forms of discrimination still exist, though. "I see that the number of women in the faculty and administrative positions are still low in academic environments," she complains. She adds that although "UCSC still has a ways to go to get a number of women and minorities hired . . . [we] are actively working on it."

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CAMPUS *clips*



Yoko Kai puts on the finishing touches at Merrill's annual moat painting party.

Photo by HOLGER LEUE

New EOP Director

For nearly a year the UCSC Educational Opportunity Program (EOP) which recruits and counsels minority students has managed with only an acting director. Last quarter many EOP students expressed their discontent with what they believe is the UCSC administration's lack of commitment to EOP by demonstrating when UC president Gardner visited campus.

Now five candidates are running for the position of permanent director. Students interested in meeting the candidates can attend open forums on the following dates: Tomas Vasquez, May 29, Oakes Lounge; Arturo Tacheco, May 31, Crown Senior Commons Room; Michael Toney, June 4 Crown Sr. Commons Rm.; Maurice Lee, June 6, Crown again. Open community forums on those days will be held 10:15-11am, and question-and-answer sessions for students will be from 2:30-4pm.

The Numbers Say It All

The latest statistics on UCSC admissions applications may add some fuel to the heated debate on minority enrollment and ethnic studies. Although the total number of applicants is up 10 percent from last year, minority students' applications dropped dramatically for the next academic year. Applications from Blacks and Chicanos declined 25 percent and 15 percent respectively. The Equal Opportunity Program/Special Action Admissions office also suffered a 12 percent drop in applicants.

Data on admissions into UC's eight campuses show that applications from most ethnic categories increased in Fall 1983: Chicanos went up by 179 students and Asians by 456 students. Applications from Blacks are down by 7.

Fond Farewells

Two provosts are leaving UCSC in June. Sociology and community studies professor Ralph Guzman, who has been Merrill provost since 1981, is heading for Europe this summer to research the health and educational conditions of workers who migrate between France, Italy, and Spain. Guzman plans to return next spring, but not as provost—he wants to teach and continue doing research.

Oakes provost Herman Blake is also leaving to become president of Tougaloo College in Tougaloo, Mississippi. Although Blake had announced he was leaving Oakes last spring, he returned in fall 1983 because Oakes' nationwide provost search failed to turn up a qualified, willing candidate to replace him. Now Blake is definitely leaving, but there's still no official word from the administration about a replacement for him.

Scoping Out the Breadth

This is a reminder that the Academic Senate's Committee on Educational Policy has introduced new general education requirements effective this fall. Every freshperson entering UCSC beginning fall quarter 1984 must satisfy them to receive a bachelor's degree. The requirements are designated by letter codes, a form of shorthand designated to help students identify appropriate courses in the catalog, schedule of classes, and elsewhere.

The new general education requirements are substantially different from the existing breadth requirements. For example, instead of any three courses on the social sciences list, the general education requirements state that two courses must be introductions to two different disciplines in the social sciences (IS code), and one must be a topical course (T code).

There are four additional general education requirements: an English composition course (C code), a writing-intensive course (W code), a quantitative methods course (Q code), and an arts course (A code). Since courses can satisfy more than one general education requirement, it is possible to satisfy all 13 requirements by taking as few as nine courses. There's still no ethnic studies requirement, though.

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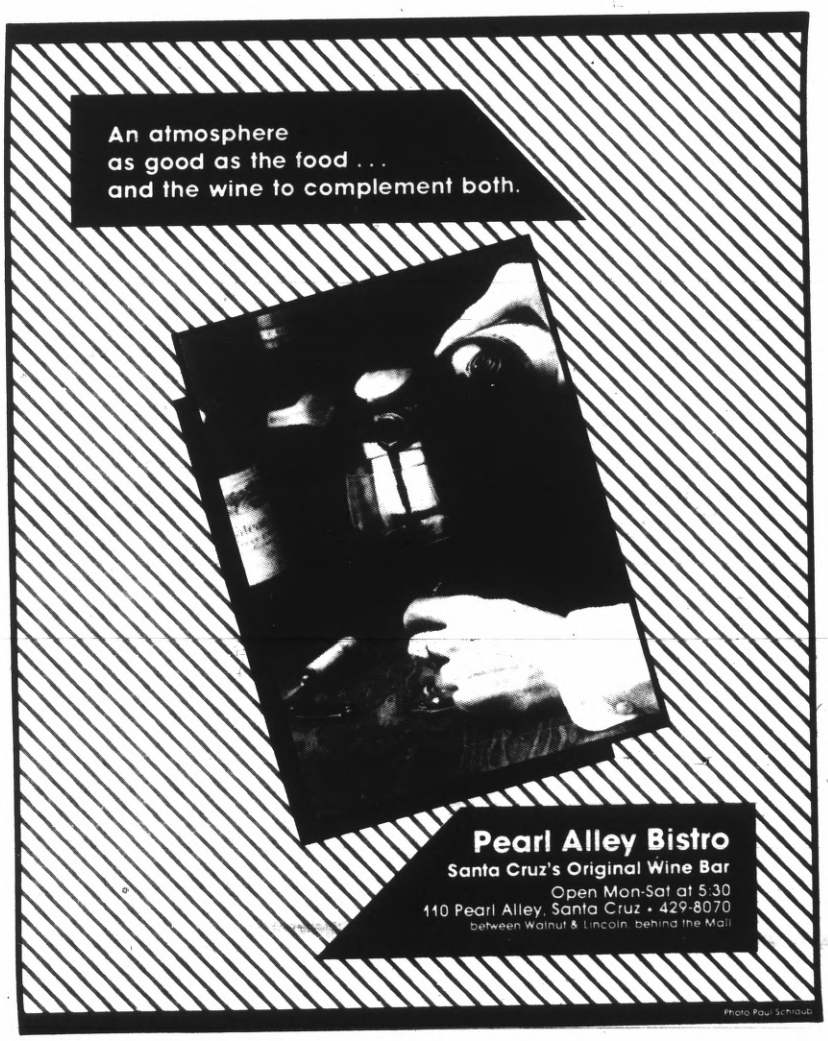
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Racism and Education at UCSC

The Light that Failed?

by Lisa Crystal

AN ARTICLE IN THE MAY 9 STEVENSON STUdent newsletter *Double-speak* has provoked an uproar in the UCSC community, leading some people to label the writer a racist and prompting the Stevenson Student Council to revoke *Double- speak*'s funding. In his article "A Wonderful Event," first-year student Asher Brauner—who used the pseudonym Rudyard Kipling—described the professional Black and Hispanic break dancers at a recent Stevenson event as "strapping young bucks [who] are able to undulate and twist their healthy bodies in ways we never imagined possible" (see sidebar).

In spite of the often volatile reactions the article generated in the UCSC community, Brauner claims it "was supposed to be a satire of white people in the audience—not the dancers or any other minorities." He also said the article suffered "colossal misinterpretation" by readers.

In a special May 16 editorial issue of *Doublespeak*, Brauner explained the inspiration for his article. "Those who scheduled the breakdance event succeeded in alienating Blacks from whites by having one group perform for the other for a fee," he wrote. "I responded to being offended by the event by writing a satirical article."

Brauner explained in his editorial that he assumed the pseudonym "Rudyard Kipling" because he "felt the situation was reminiscent of Kipling's concept of the 'White Man's Burden.' That is, our bringing the dancers up here and observing them as though they were a bunch of monkeys in a zoo reminded me of Kipling's disgusting concept that the Englishmen (sic) of the 19th century were responsible for the 'civilising of the East Indians,' " Brauner wrote.

A few letters submitted by Stevenson community members to the special *Doublespeak* issue supported Brauner's views; for example, student Lynne Piade wrote that she perceived the breakdancing event as "a competition between the Black and Hispanic dancers for white favor in the form of applause."

But a sense of outrage seemed to be the overwhelming response within Stevenson and among other UCSC community members. A flood of angry letters to the Stevenson College office were published last week in *The Libre*, a compilation of community responses to *Doublespeak*. "If you felt you were watching 'monkeys in a zoo,' you might re-examine your own attitudes," wrote Greg Stirling in a letter to Rudyard Kipling. Sophia G. Garcia wrote, "What minority student in his/her right mind would willingly choose to associate themselves with Stevenson, if opinions expressed in *Doublespeak* are any indication of the underlying feelings of other Stevenson students, staff, and faculty?"

The 16-member Stevenson Student Council, which funds *Doublespeak*'s printing costs, decided unanimously at its May 17 meeting to revoke *Doublespeak*'s funding for the remainder of the quarter. According to councilmember Robin Lightner, the council "assumed discretion and responsibility would be used" by the five volunteer editors when the Council granted publication funding. "But," she lamented, "it was abused."

Stevenson Student Affairs Officer Gail Heit also said she was "very upset" when she saw the newsletter. In a *Libre* letter addressed to *Doublespeak* editors, Heit wrote that "to limit programming at this college to only those cultural events, art forms, music, literature, and entertainment that you feel ethnically 'comfortable' with would be a travesty."

Brauner's article also became the focus of last Friday's meeting of the Third World Caucus, a group which meets each quarter to discuss a variety of ethnic-related issues on campus. Although Caucus members received numerous apologies for the article in a discussion with the Stevenson Student Council, Caucus members were not satisfied—they wanted to make the entire campus aware of the issue. The Caucus solicited funding from Stevenson Provost David Kaun to distribute copies of the *Doublespeak* article, *The Libre*, and a letter from the Caucus in every student's campus mailbox. They also wanted to buy ad space to publish the offending article in *City on a Hill*.

But people expressed conflicting opinions about the best method of enlightening the campus about the issue. According to

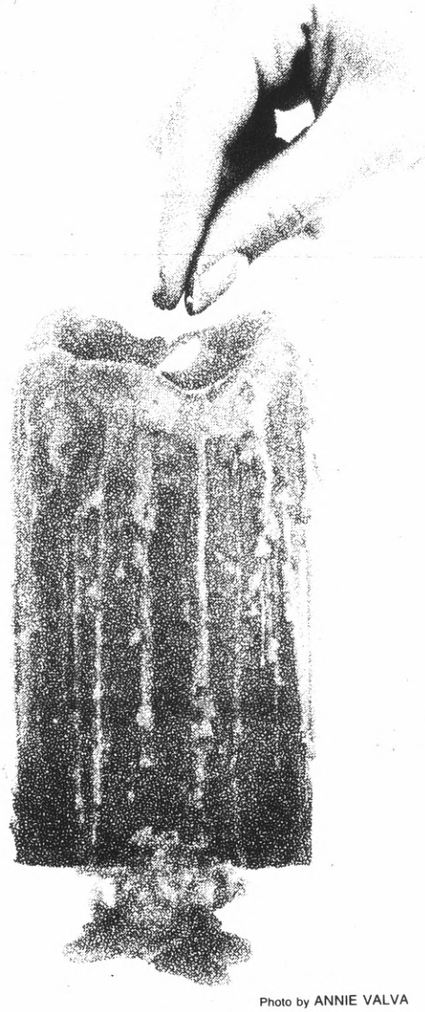


Photo by ANNIE VALVA

Caucus member David Moss, Kaun "tried to convince us" that the Caucus's requests were "too extreme." He said Kaun was reluctant to provide college funding for the distribution and publication of copies of the actual article. "He was trying to tell us we should sit down and come up with a reasonable, intellectual plan," Moss said, adding that Kaun finally agreed last Saturday to fund the distribution, but not the publication, of the material. Moss said he believes Kaun consented because the Caucus "pushed him into a corner" by informing him they would raise funds on their own if he refused.

Kaun, however, said that after speaking to the Student Council and several minority students, he felt "uneasy" about publishing the *Doublespeak* article in *City on a Hill* "because it wasn't obvious what good it would do." He added that it would be difficult to make the "context" of the article clear if it was reprinted in *City on a Hill*. "I just thought it was wrong to do it that way," he said.

Kaun characterized the *Doublespeak* incident as "very sad" because "such a large number of people were deeply offended." He also believes the incident undermines the ongoing efforts of the Stevenson community to transform the predominantly white college into "a comfortable, hospitable place for people of all cultures and ethnicities." Kaun lamented the "insensitivity and arrogance" of the article, but expressed concern that the author "must be under a great deal of stress."

Throughout the controversy Brauner has maintained he meant no harm. In his *Doublespeak* May 16 editorial, Brauner apologized "for any personal offense taken by any of the minority groups I

'Something needs to be done at this university about educating people about racism.'
—Stevenson student Robin Lightner

seemingly maligned," but added that he "cannot in my heart apologize for offense intended—because there was none."

Caucus member Jay Brown said that he doesn't want to "hang the writer," but that regardless of Brauner's intentions, the article was "definitely" offensive. He noted that if Brauner "had read it through the eyes of a person of color, he would have realized it was bad."

Caucus member David Moss agreed. "It [the article] reduced people to less than human; it reduced them to animals," he said. "Whoever put those words together was a racist, regardless of intentions."

IN SPITE OF THE APPARENTLY LARGE NUMBER of people who were offended by the article, Jay Brown believes it may be "a blessing in disguise." Brown refers to the discussion and renewed sense of urgency created by the incident for an ethnic studies academic requirement at UCSC. "Education is the key," he said, adding that if campuswide breadth requirements included ethnic studies, "students would learn to appreciate differences in cultures—and that everyone is human."

Jason Schwartz, Caucus member and graduate representative to the Student Body President's Council, echoed this point. According to Schwartz, apologies alone "obviously don't redress the situation—the harm is already done." But, he added, "there are constructive ways of changing things." Schwartz suggested that "people who are concerned about institutionalized racism on this campus" use "available vehicles" such as the Third World Caucus to explore and perhaps eradicate the problem. Schwartz added that students should demand that the administration hire a permanent director for the Educational Opportunity Program, the special admission program that recruits and assists ethnic minority students and has operated without a permanent director for a year. And, he added, students should continue to demand an ethnic studies breadth requirement.

The struggle to incorporate Third World and Native American Studies into breadth requirements is not new. Three years ago 30 UCSC students staged a hunger strike on campus on behalf of ethnic studies. A written agreement reached by the students and the UCSC administration on the fourth day of the strike guaranteed the appointment of two tenure-track faculty in the social sciences with "substantive expertise" in ethnic studies within three years. To date, only one such faculty member, an Asian-American, was hired; he is scheduled to start teaching economics next fall.

The administration also said it would propose an ethnic studies breadth requirement to the Academic Senate. Although the Senate has so far refused to approve such a requirement, the Third World Caucus is currently circulating a petition among students asking the Senate to include ethnic studies in 1984-85 breadth requirements.

Many people interpreted the *Doublespeak* incident as an indication of the pressing need for ethnic studies at UCSC. Stevenson councilmember Robin Lightner said she believes "something needs to be done at this university—at every university—about educating people about racism." Lightner does not believe the *Doublespeak* editors are "blatantly racist"; instead she attributes their actions to the fact that "they're just not educated."

Councilmember Denise Kinsella also supports ethnic studies. "People come to the university and know absolutely nothing about the Third World," she said. "I didn't know anything about it before I came here." She pointed out that currently students are not taught about ethnic issues unless they "stumble" across the few classes offered in various boards of study which examine different races and cultures. "Breadth requirements are supposed to give us a broad education," Kinsella said. "But history is presented as Western history—not Asian or Third World history." She concluded that requiring students to take ethnic studies courses might help to prevent the kinds of misunderstandings involved in the *Doublespeak* incident.

But provost Kaun said ethnic studies "might or might not" promote a greater understanding of ethnic issues. He said he fears that a breadth requirement represents a "random, ad hoc approach" to education because students can fulfill the requirement any time in their academic careers. "The basic problem is with students who first come here," he said. "I think somehow there's an interesting, stimulating way to get freshmen (sic) seriously engaged in these questions early in their arrival at Santa Cruz. I don't know what the mechanism should be, but students should be exposed to these issues very early."

The Caucus is determined to drum up as much support as possible for an ethnic studies requirement by the June 6 Academic Senate meeting. A letter enclosed in the *Doublespeak* information packet students should have received this week summed up their motivation for pursuing the issue: "We believe there should be a concerted effort by the administration to rectify the obvious problem of racism in this university... the [*Doublespeak*] article clearly points to the need to create courses which teach about Third World people's history and lives."

·S·T·E·V·E·N·S·O·N·

DOUBLESPEAK

A Wonderful Event

Editor's note: *The following is a reprint of the article "A Wonderful Event" which appeared in the May 9 Stevenson newsletter,* Doublespeak. *Although the article was signed by Rudyard Kipling, the author's real name is Asher Brauner, who is a first-year student at Stevenson College.*

Stevenson College has taken on the White Man's Burden. Gail Heit was able to bring to our Facility of Higher Learning some of the Native Break Dancers. These strapping young bucks are able to undulate and twist their healthy bodies in ways we never imagined possible. Besides getting paid real American dollars, there is a rumour going that they were even provided with hot meals and copies of the UCSC brochure (which has lots of pretty pictures).

This reporter was able to learn much about the Black and Hispanic Ethnicities of the local outlying regions. Who knows, perhaps this event will help relations and insure that there is less crime and upstart activities by these people. Perhaps they will learn to admire our way of life, and in the future will work willingly for us in such responsible positions as dishwashing, carparking, and as doormen. Next week David Kaun will lecture in a local Ghetto on, "Economics and the Market: What Does it Mean to You?"

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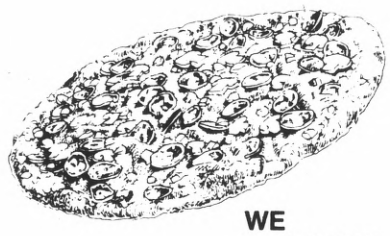
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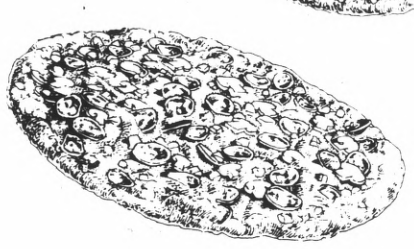
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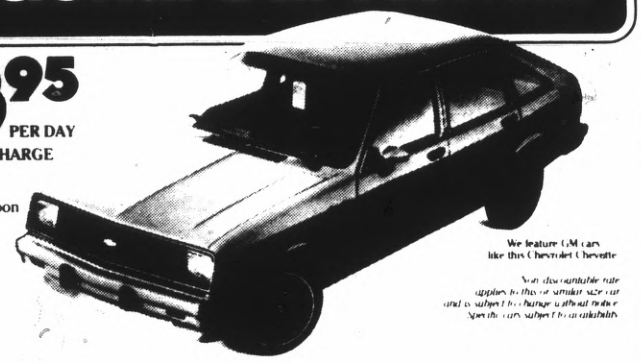
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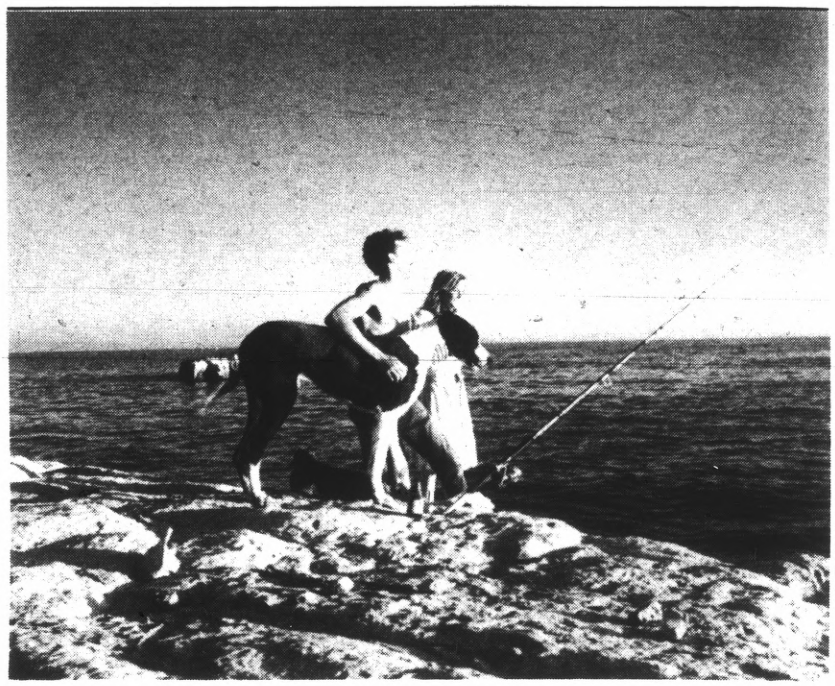


Photo by ANNIE VALVA

No On Chancellor's "A" Proposal

The Santa Cruz City Council Tuesday rejected a proposal by UCSC Chancellor Robert Sinsheimer to meet privately with city representatives to discuss the university's proposed R&D Center. In a February 28 letter to the council, Sinsheimer suggested that university and city officials get together to "devise a 'land use policy' mutually agreeable to both the university and the city."

The council will send letters written by councilmember Mike Rotkin and signed by Mayor John Laird, to Sinsheimer that will say in part that "it would be highly inappropriate for representatives of the city to meet in private with university officials over planning policies affecting the electronics park proposal. These policies and procedures result from the democratic participation of thousands of our citizens over many years in an elaborate public process." A number of councilmembers say private discussions over the R&D Center would contravene the intent of Measure A, the ballot initiative passed by 72 percent of Santa Cruz voters in November. The measure requires the council to bring the proposed R&D Center into the public planning process before any city services can be provided to such a project. Sinsheimer maintains that UCSC is constitutionally exempt from the local planning process.

Whoa Dude, Don't Trash Our Beach

With the influx of more and more tourists each year, Santa Cruz's beaches become archeological repositories for over the hill beach culture—with glass shards, beer cans, and the eternally indestructible styrofoam cup buried and not-so-buried in the sand.

City, county, and state officials agree trash is piling up, but solutions aren't. Since re-training visitors may be impossible, and a "use a pull-tab, go to prison" approach is unenforceable, locals are directing their energies toward a more stringent after-the-fact measure: clean-up.

Silas Rippee of the Pleasure Point Night Fighters—a surf-beach group dedicated to cleaning garbage problems on the beach—says trash receptacles work, but only if they're emptied. He says that while the number of beach visitors increase yearly, clean-up service stays the same.

This is one lesson the city and county can take from the Seaside Co.: literally cleaning up its own back yard. According to Seaside Representative, Glen LaFrank, the company puts out "close to 400 trash cans and they're emptied daily."

The city of Santa Cruz recently adopted a beach bottle ban, and this month contributed $5,800 to extend clean-up coverage from the end of Seaside's limit through Cowell Beach.

Dee Herren, parks superintendent, estimates that the parks department budget for a clean-sweep of beaches will come to about $30,000.

Changing Channels

Negotiations between local officials and Group W over the county's cable TV franchise were terminated Tuesday, after the company announced that the two parties were too far apart to reach an agreement. The move signals an end to two years of non-competitive talks with the company over their impending contract expiration next year.

Group W's stance on the negotiations surprised some local officials. "I am mystified," said Santa Cruz City Manager Dick Wilson. "I thought the two sides were closer to an agreement." Wilson said that they "had reached agreement on the TV systems objectives, rates, and programming," but that Group W rejected the proposed system of enforcement and measures for consumer price protection.

According to the company's own statistics, about 90 percent of local homes are likely to sign up for cable service, since the Santa Cruz Mountains effectively block most TV signals. County Administrator George Newell has termed the situation a "monopoly condition," and last year called for a protective clause to prevent price gouging.

On June 12, the city and county will issue "Requests for Proposals" for alternative cable TV systems. Alternatives could be simple bids from other corporations, or could include cooperative or municipally owned systems.

Dance to a Different Beat

by Elisabeth Weber

FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS, Stevenson Dorm Five's Annual Hooker's Ball has maintained a reputation as a raunchy party. Women would stand on the sidelines dressed in revealing clothes; men would approach them to request dances. If a man danced too close—well, you didn't go to the Hooker's Ball if you couldn't handle the attention.

But the dance was different this year. Dorm Five decided to transform the May 19 Hooker's Ball, which was held at Stevenson dining hall into an anti-sexist event. The dorm's decision to change certain aspects of the dance was motivated partly by the fear that the same protestors who occupied the floor at Crown's Pimp and Hooker dance last quarter would interrupt the Ball. The dorm members' first step was changing the name of the dance to the ExoticaErotica Ball.

Although the usual balloons and lights, ticket-selling table, and bar decorated the dining hall, the dance's promotional sign included an unusal message. Below the welcome to the Exotica/Erotica Ball, the sign said, "This dance is to celebrate life and sexuality. Sexual harassment will not be tolerated. Monitors will be present. Enjoy!!"

Located directly opposite the ticket table, the sign was visible to everyone who arrived at the dance. Several informational pamphlets were available at the table, including one on self-defense and one on men and rape. UCSC Rape Prevention Coordinator Gill Greensite also provided a flyer for the party that stated, "This event is for your enjoyment. Enjoyment and good spirits do not include harassing women. If you are uncomfortable by any person's behavior, you have a right to tell that person to leave you alone. If that person persists you should tell the person in charge of the evening. Do not feel powerless. Speak out and put an end to obnoxious behavior."

This isn't the first time Dorm Five residents have taken steps to change the theme of the dance. The "Erotica Ball" replaced the Hooker's Ball last year after a group of women protested the sexism implied in the dance's name at a Stevenson Student Council meeting. But dance activities did not change. Some were disturbed about their treatment at the dance, "I thought it was funny that because I was dressed like that, men would follow me around and make lewd comments—me, the feminist," said Tina Olson. "I know that if I was dressed normally I wouldn't have gotten that attention."

Dorm members decided to implement sexual harassment prevention measures this year last Monday at their Study Break, where Greensite facilitated a discussion of sexual harassment and rape. Several women at the study break mentioned the discomfort they experienced at campus parties, where they said they are frequently harassed. After informing Greensite of the plans for this year's ball, Stevenson student Tracey Newhart asked Greensite whether she believed sexual harassment at the dance was inevitable.

A silence settled over the room as people contemplated the possibility that the dance would support the harassment of women. But Greensite said she did not believe that the dance's theme need necessarily provoke harassment. She suggested that dorm members make more of an effort to prevent such incidents.

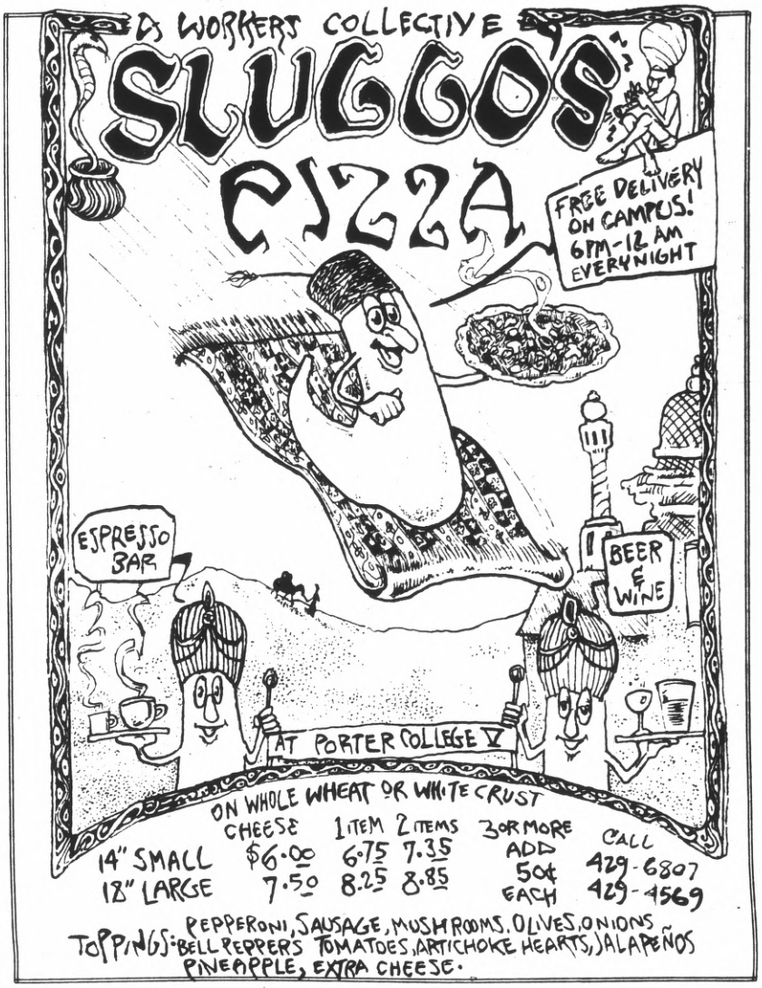
The dorm members agreed to host the first erotic ball with an anti-sexist theme. Four people volunteered to monitor the dance, and other dorm residents created the new sign and distributed leaflets. RA Becca Rotberg expressed the general consensus of the dorm: "I feel empowered now," she said, "because we're doing something to stop sexual harassment."

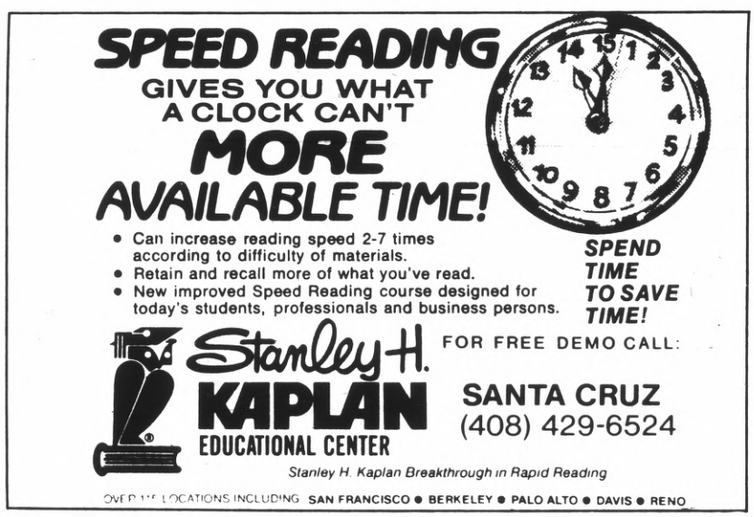
The dance proceeded smoothly, with more pleasant bantering than sexual remarks between women and men. Dancers showed moderate interest in the literature on display; but most people read the sign without commenting, and even fewer appeared to be reading the flyer.

Whether due to Dorm Five's efforts or not, the dance remained almost incident-free. Apparently one argument occurred between a man and a woman who knew each other, according to proctor Nick Vecchione. But he said he believes sexual harassment was not the source of the conflict. In the end, the only trouble was one that can damper every party: the disappearance of the clean-up crew.



Photo by ANNIE VALVA







EDITORIAL

Fiat Lux

SINCE IGNORANCE BREEDS RACISM, IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT RACISM exists at UCSC. Many of us will graduate from this school without ever being exposed to Third World people, culture, or history.

Many white students never meet Third World students here because only a fraction of us are Black, Hispanic, or Asian-American. Most minority students attend Oakes or Merrill College which offer multi-ethnic activities, resources, and supportive environments the other colleges lack, further limiting contact between whites and people of color.

Adding to the problem is that many students never take classes which examine Third World societies and cultures—we are not required to at UCSC. Nor do some of us recognize the importance of exposing ourselves to these subjects—after all, the university doesn't regard Third World studies as an academic priority either.

It's true that UCSC offers us few opportunities to develop multi-racial and cultural understanding; but that doesn't relieve us of the responsibility to develop that understanding ourselves. We must educate ourselves, and demand that the university provide us with the resources to do so. We must demand that the Academic Senate institute an ethnic studies breadth requirement. And we must work to expand the multi-ethnic focus within all the colleges.

It is ironic and deplorable that the racist *Doublespeak* article (see page 10) was published at a university whose motto is "Let There Be Light." It should be impossible to graduate from UCSC without learning basic respect for ethnic differences. Since the UCSC administration has obviously failed to provide us with the kind of education that teaches this respect, it's our responsibility to create an environment in which we can enlighten ourselves.

LETTERS *to the* STAFF

Bad Facts

Dear Staff:

After reading the article on Santa Cruz street musicians in your last issue, I would recommend that your writer, Holger Leue, be sent back to repeat Journalism 1. It is a misinformed, lazy, and untrue piece of journalism.

The Downtown Association is *not* attempting to eliminate street music on the Mall. The Association is *not* circulating a notice to merchants calling for the prohibition of street musicians. Larry Pearson, the President of the Downtown Association, was *not* contacted about this fictional letter. Once the informal guidelines mentioned in the article were developed by cooperation of both the street musicians and the Mall merchants four or five years ago, I have not even heard merchants speak of banning street music at Downtown Association Board meetings or at the Downtown Commission. Sure, there is irritation with bad music and repetitive music drifting into stores, but it's understood that all of that comes with the territory. We get irritated so we complain which is normal, but we basically get along pretty well with our street musician neighbors.

The Downtown Commission is in the process of reviewing policy about commercial activities on the Mall. That policy has nothing to do with street musicians, as Larry Pearson told *City on a Hill*. The Downtown Commission, of which I am a member, has been reviewing those policies by inviting and working with such groups as the ACLU, the Sierra Club, and the Resource Center for Non-Violence. Those groups use the Mall to distribute literature and ask for donations. All the Downtown Commission is trying to do is to come up with a policy recommendation which would serve everyone's interest.

Give us a break. The Mall is a great place which has some problems with the street people. We don't need reporters inventing other problems. The style in the piece isn't bad, but the facts are. Next time Holger Leue should spend a little more time finding out if rumors are facts.

Sincerely,
Neal Coonerty

Video Thanks

Dear Staff:

Thank you for the very well written, informative, and accurate article on The Educational Film Guild. I might add that students interested in any of the many aspects of film or video production who wish to become involved in future projects should contact The Educational Film Guild at the Campus Activities 'A' Frame. Previous knowledge is not necessary; only the desire to contribute individual expertise and a willingness to work with others toward a high quality, meaningful visual statement.

Sincerely,
Steve Anthes

Doublespeak

Dear Staff:

The members of Stevenson Student Council, on behalf of the Stevenson College students, express our embarrassment and sincere apologies regarding the article, "A Wonderful Event," which appeared in the May 9 issue of the Stevenson *Doublespeak*. We realize that irrevocable damage has been done and that we can never compensate for the offense taken by the community. However, at this point, we are doing everything within our ability to react to this unfortunate incident in an open and informative manner.

Some members of the university printed responses to "A Wonderful Event" in a Stevenson *Libre* and in a special editorial issue of *Doublespeak*. Stevenson Student Council, acting as elected representatives of the Stevenson Student Body, terminated the editorial staff specific guidelines to work with. We had falsely assumed that discretion and responsibility would be used in the publication of this newsletter. Stevenson Student Council members have visited each of the individual college councils of this university to further express our concern regarding this incident.

We realize that racism is a serious and inadequately addressed problem. In an attempt to integrate multi-cultural awareness into our educations, Stevenson College has, for the past two years, sponsored the Stevenson Life Forum. The Stevenson Life Forum is an educational series which confronts these very issues. We urge Stevenson students, along with the entire UCSC community, to attend our next Forum. It will be held Wednesday, May 30, at 8pm at Stevenson College.

Sincerely,
Stevenson Student Council

An Apology

Dear Staff:

I, Asher Brauner, author of the Stevenson *Doublespeak* article which has caused offense [see pages 10 and 28], would like to apologize to the UCSC community. Any offense or misunderstanding which occurred was contrary to my original intentions; these were, and still are, to promote ethnic awareness and to help decrease racial hostility. Please accept my sincere apologies.

Thank you,
Asher Brauner

In Heritage and Peace

Dear Staff:

In the year and a half that I have been here at UCSC, I have repeatedly been saddened to see large segments of the Jewish student body turn away from events that are in any way related to Jewish life. And when I have discussed the matter with some of the students, I have been appalled by the almost total unawareness of their Jewish cultural heritage. No wonder they turned away and didn't want to be identified with anything Jewish. Their self-image as Jews had been determined in a Jewish *cultural vacuum* by a non-Jewish world which, only too often, was not only insensitive but outright anti-Semitic. And by denying their Jewishness, they were internalizing that very anti-Semitism.

As Jews we have a very special and beautiful cultural heritage; not better and more special than other cultures, but, like them, so much that is *very* special and worth cherishing.

Where we stand, someone has stood before us. We are the heirs of an ancient and honorable people. Ours is a legacy of courage and heroism, of the triumph of human endurance and spirit, of scholarship and statesmanship, of compassion and philanthropy, of justice, social activism and public service. We are heirs to all of this noble tradition and are part of its ongoing continuum. Be aware of it and be proud!

Then, if you don't agree with something your fellow Jews are doing—in Lebanon or on the West Bank, perhaps—you won't cringe or hide. Instead, just as in our own country, you'll take a stand, speak up and say it's wrong! But you won't abandon your fellow Jews or attempt to deny your cultural heritage (as if you could!) any more than you would abandon your friends or deny your heritage here in our own country. And you know something, your non-Jewish neighbors will respect you more because of it.

We, as Jews in a pluralistic American society, are a vital part of that rich and multi-colored mosaic of diverse cultures that makes for America's greatness. Let's recognize our uniqueness and importance, along with that which is unique and important in our neighbors, and proudly join hands in a link of mutual understanding, respect and love. It could mean the difference between survival and extinction—not only for the Jews, but for our planet and all the people on it.

In Peace,
Alan Katz
Elder In Residence
Oakes College

Good Journalism

Dear Staff:

I would like to make a few comments on your interview with Mr. Doumani (*City on a Hill* 5-10-84) about the Arabs' image in the United States. While discussing some incidents of defamations of Arabs in the US, the article never addressed some perceptions of the Arab image, which are based on facts.

One concerns the status of women in Arab countries. While *City on a Hill* maintains a very strong stand on women and feminist issues, your writer never confronted Mr. Doumani with that question. The social status of women in the Arab world is known to be one of the lowest in comparison to the rest of the world, while Arab male chauvinism is an integral part of the Arab culture.

Another issue your writer ignored was the distribution of wealth in oil-rich Arab countries. It is well known that most of the oil money finds its way directly into the pockets of the various "royal" families, who treat their national resources as private properties. I would expect that a "progressive" newspaper would not ignore such social injustice.

In summary, multi-billionaire Kings and Sheiks are alive and well in the Arab world, enjoying their harems even in our modern 20th century. While not justifying an image for the rest of the Arab people, that kind of dictatorship is foreign to the western culture, and should be addressed. A good journalist should represent the public interest when interviewing, and not merely provide publicity to propaganda campaigns.

Sincerely,
Oved Dahari
Lick Observatory

The God Store

Dear Staff:

There was this god and he was creating this stuff. Actually there were mom gods and dad gods and baby gods too. Yeah they were making these really beautiful things. Actually it was a god store and everyone would come there to watch them make all these wonderful things. And all the leaders, even Reagan, went to this god store and they started making things too, and they got so busy making all these beautiful things that they forgot to make wars. And there were no more wars 'cause everyone was so busy making beautiful things!

Marsha Herzstein
age 5

Tradition

Dear Staff:

As one who was born in Israel, I do not agree with everything the government of Israel and others in Israel (such as fanatical religious groups, Jewish terrorists, etc.) do, and I condemn some of the things they do. Israel, like most countries in this world, has its moral problems. However, it mystifies me as to why Israel is condemned to an unjustifiable degree in this world, e.g., by the United Nations and by *City on a Hill*. It seems to me that healthy criticism has turned into sickening anti-semitism.

The Jews, a tiny and yet highly visible minority, have been banished, condemned, tortured, killed, etc., for the past two and a half thousand years. I am at a loss as to why this is so, but after reading your articles two weeks ago, I can safely say that you, *City on a Hill*, are keeping that tradition going.

Sincerely,
Igal Dahari

Deadlines for letters are Tuesday at 5pm. Please type and double space them. Letters over a page in length run the grave risk of being edited. Letters on current events and material appearing in *City on a Hill* will be given precedence to letters rebutting letters appearing here. Send mail to Editor, City on a Hill, Stonehouse UCSC, 95064. Thank you.

KALEIDOscope

Mutant Beach Party

I feel an affinity for the bi-coastal bigshots in the entertainment biz who summer in the Hamptons and keep weekend mansions in Malibu, for I live in a Lincolnesque log-cabin a mere three blocks from the beach. The frontage may be a beer-can-and-rock garden, the ersatz-log superstructure may be held together by the proverbial termites linking arms, and the rent for the closet could get you a three-bedroom house in Redding. But we're talking about new-plus-ultra location here. My buddies used to live two blocks to the west at the elbow of East Cliff Drive's Dead Person's Curve over the RR tracks just across the river from the Boardwalk, and they suffered. Throughout the summer a running dialogue filtered into their living room. They'd hear the barker from the rocket sled ride: "Do you want to go *faster*?" "Nooo, nooo, yes, yeaa" the Boardwalk patrons shrieked. "Do you want to go *backwards*?" he'd say.

"Yyeeooowwrraaauuuughh, stop, stop." "SIT DOWN, PLEASE *SIT DOWN*," he'd say. Every 90 seconds from 10am to midnight the dialogue repeated. You'd get up to turn on the stereo and hear "SIT DOWN , PLEASE *SIT DOWN*."

No such problems at my frontier-cabin-by-the-sea; only 50 brisk steps away is an extortionary 24-item store where the prices are directly linked to Argentina's cost-of-living index, and just a drunken stumble away is the beach. But this is no isolated strand of arcadia, suitable for a Page Stegner essay. The beach down the street is a favorite playground for the Tartar Hordes from San Jose. Each weekend they charge over the hill toward the sea with Lemming-like fervor, stopping just short of fatal immersion in seawater and Lite Beer. They disembark from black Trans Ams and cobalt Blue Datsun Pickups (with knobby tires) carrying coolers, tarps, blankets and more gear than the Outward Bound program takes on a six-week expedition through the Mojave. They're loaded down with enough base, foot, and softballs to make Spaulding stock jump four points.

The radios on the portable stereos are soldered to 92.5 on the FM dial: KSJO—home of the heaviest metal this side of titanium, where the Cars' Rick Ocaceck sounds like he's playing synthesizer with his elbows and where Randy Rhodes bends strings on his Les Paul in an endless echoplex solo.

As Pat Benatar's siren song abrades my ears, I trundle down towards the sea. The beach seems equal parts garbage and sand, with more broken glass beneath my feet than penitent Hazel Motes wore in his shoes in *Wise Blood*.

"Hey, dude," says an idle young man as I walk by, "there's plenty of fine meat on the beach today." Like the rump roast between your ears, bub. He and his crew look like the lobotomized heterosexual contents of the *GQ* Summer Fun issue. Snippets of heavy-glottal conversations float by: "No blondes on the beach? *I'm sure*. Did you hear what he said?" "She like, says if she goes out with me, I'll be the first non-soccer player she ever dated." "Hey, man does not live by, like, sex, drugs, and bread alone. Pass the bottle opener." "*God*, all he ever says to me is 'Hey Sharon, when's your little sister gonna sit on my face?" Tidal waves are like cops, they're never around when you need them.

Off Their Marks

Comedians Taylor Marks and Paddy Morrissey have been on the brink of overnight success for, say, five years now. Starting out as members of the now-defunct Screaming Memes troupe, both have been receiving a fair share of national exposure: Morrissey as a featured performer in Michael Nesmith's Grammy-winning video "Elephant Parts," Marks as the super-hero host of the syndicated "Plasticman" kiddie show (the more prurient among you may remember when Marks—then a UCSC student named Mark Taylor—posed for *Playgirl*). Now billing themselves as "double play comedy," Marks to Morrissey returns to their old stomping grounds for a five-show run at the Kuumbwa starting Friday.

Fans of the old Memes won't be disappointed—the emphasis is still on "structured improvisation" (extemporaneous clowning within a prewritten situation), with a healthy dollop of physical comedy and music ("Bob Dylan for Dollars," "Nerd's Revenge"). Morrissey also wields a mean Ronzo impression, fielding questions a la press conference from the audience.

Tickets are $5 to the 8:30 shows (May 25-27 and June 1 & 2), at the Kuumbwa, 320-2 Cedar Street.

—*Ed Anger, Jr.*

A Man and His Cat

Unfortunately, searching for one's identity doesn't stop at graduation from college; apparently it lasts for as long as 72 years. That's a long time to spend in a sea of troubles and confusion, but don't let it get you down. Art Carney plays the hopeful 72-year-old Harry Coombs who, along with his cat Tonto, leaves his dilapidated New York apartment in search of adventure and independence in the film *Harry and Tonto*. The Seniors Council of Santa Cruz will present the film at the Louden Center on Sunday May 27 at 1:30pm. Get a jump on life and help the Seniors Council celebrate older Americans Month with this feature presentation of their Film Festival. Art Carney won an Oscar for this in 1974; it's rated R.

—*Debbie Diamond*

For the Benefit of Women's Theater

At the Foot of the Mountain— the oldest professional women's theater company in the US—will perform live and on film for a benefit of the National Festival of Women's theater. Monday night, the troupe will stage the play *Las Gringas*. Billed as a "ritual drama about invasion," the story traces the experiences and feelings of US citizens living in Nicaragua. Tuesday night, the troupe appears in the film *Junkies*, exploring the highs and lows of addiction to chemicals, commodities, violence, sex, etc... Both shows begin at 8 pm at Louden Nelson center, and will be followed by discussions with the members of the cast. Admission is $5-7, sliding scale.

—Joe Mama



Jim Carroll can be called a rock-poet without wincing.

Catholic Boy

Jim Carroll is a reformed street thug. Jim Carroll is a poet. Jim Carroll eats rock 'n roll for breakfast, when he's not Jonesin' and too sick to eat. Carroll is a New York boy who spent his wonder year in the mid-sixties hustling on New York's mean streets from Upper Manhattan to Lower East side, where nothing is sacred. He was a wise-ass (almost too wise) Irish-Catholic kid with what's known in the English Department as a poetic sensibility and what's known in juvey hall as a bad attitude. Hookers, junkies, sleazeballs, hustlers, cops—he saw them all and told each one to get bent.

He wrote it all down, a hardlife story from 12 to 15, and called it *The Basketball Diaries* (he was a jock, you see). Kerouac wrote "at 13 years of age, Jim Carroll writes better prose than 89 percent of the novelists writing today." Carroll wrote about reds, Blacks, and urban greys; of hookshots and blowjobs in Port Authority bathrooms, to petty scams to support a burgeoning drug addiction. He said he spent years "living at the movies" on the forty-deuce midtown all-night theaters where shit walks and bullshit talks cash from naive hands: "I'm sorry? You piss on my date and all you can say is: I'm sorry?" Then he turned from prosery to poetry, views became subway lines and he confused angels with dizziness and Christ's blood with the fluid in a dropper and it doesn't quite make sense but he's serious and hey, he's a poet.

In '74 he split the sleazoid streets for Mendocino to clear his head and heart and finally stumbled into rock in '78. At a San Diego concert that spring, Patti Smith (Queen of the top-40 poets with "Because the Night") bickered with the opening act while your humble narrator sat on his hands waiting one hour, two hours, two and one half hours past the scheduled opening, till finally this pale thin guy with a panther's grace slinks onstage, glances nervously side to side and starts this poetical rap with Patti's band playing in the background saying something about how ice floes in his veins and such. The crowd stayed engaged but not enthralled 'cause granted he's from New York and he's spouting poetry in front of a rock band and all but he still ain't no Patti Smith and he ain't no Lou Reed either, though he's trying.

He jumped from literary quarterlies to FM play lists in '80 when his Jim Carroll Band released the *Catholic Boy* album. His autobiographical obit-list "People Who Died" has endured as some kind of teen anthem, but his kind of truth really emerges in the title track: "I was a Catholic Boy, redeemed through pain and not through joy, now I'm a Catholic man, and I tongue the rail whenever I can." Now, two albums later, he's still rapping not singing and now he's got garage-band demigod Lenny Kaye playing with him. Jim Carroll's cool enough to frost the balls off a bishop but he's got enough demons on his ass to keep things interesting.

The Jim Carroll Band plays at the Catalyst Sunday, May 27 at the Catalyst. Showtime is 9:15. Tickets are $3 in advance and $4.50 at the door.

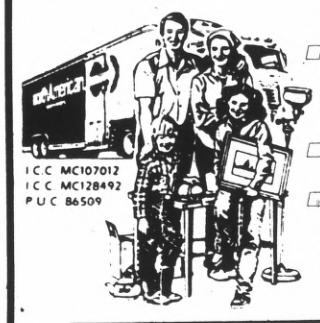
Afrikaza

No, this isn't a standard Santa Cruz evening of traditional Africal drumwork. Afrikaza is a contemporary 8-piece African dance-band which plays salsa-rhumba-funkoid tunes. They taught King Sunny Ade everything he knows. They perform Saturday, May 26 at The Crown Dining Hall. Showtime 9 pm. Admission is $3 for students. $4 for the rest.

—*Gene Pithy*

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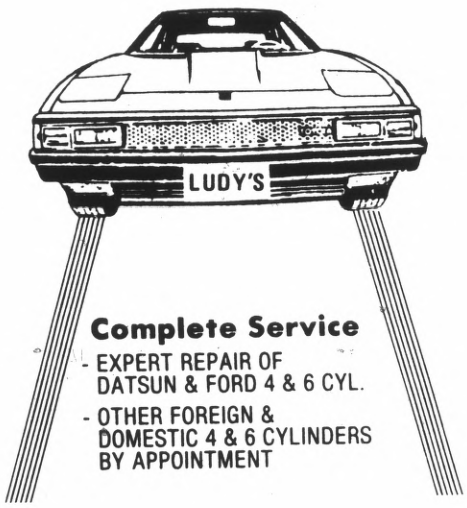
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VIEWFINDER

APTOS TWIN 688-6541
I. **Preppies** 6:45, 10:15, plus 3:10 weekends. **Risky Business** 5:05, 8:15 plus 1:30 weekends.
II. **Breakin'** 6, 8, 10 plus 2, 4 on weekends.

CAPITOLA 475-3518
Silkwood 7, 10:50. **Blame it on Rio** 9:10, Sunday Matinees 2:40. Both show through Tuesday.

DEL MAR 425-0616
I. **Chatanooga Choo Choo** 1:30, 3:30 5:30, 7:45, 10.
II. **Romancing the Stone** 1:35, 5:30, 7:20, 9:40.
III. **Splash** 1:45, 4:15, 7, 9:30.
IV. **Bounty** 2, 4:40, 7:30, 10:10.

41st AVE. PLAYHOUSE 476-8841
I. **Greystoke** 1:40, 4:15, 7:15, 9:40.
II. **Terms of Endearment** 3:10, 7:40. **The Big Chill** 1:15, 5:40.
III. **The Natural** 1:20, 4, 7, 9:50

THE MOVIE 426-9409
I. **This is Spinal Tap** 7, 10:10. **Get Crazy** 8:30 plus 5:15 Sun.
II **Gandhi** 7:30 plus 4 Sun. Both show through Wednesday

NICKELODEON 426-7500
I. **That Sinking Feeling** 6:55, 8:35 plus 5 Sun.
II. **Never Cry Wolf** 7:30, 9:30, plus 4:30 Sun.
III. **Entres Nous** 7:05, 9:05 plus 4:45 Sun.
IV. **El Norte** 6:45, 9:20 plus 4:15 Sun.

RIO 423-2000
Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom 1, 4, 7, 9:45.

Sash Mill 427-1711
Thu. -Fri. **The Last Wave** 7:30 (Christine Waters will speak at 7). **Don't Look Now** 9:30.
Sat-Mon **The Lady Vanishes** 7:30. **Rebecca** 9:20.
Tues-Wed. **The Diary of a Chambermaid** 7:30. **Los Olvidados** 9:20.

UA 426-8383
I. **Firestarter** 5:45, 8:15, 10:30 plus matinees weekend and Memorial Day 1:15, 3:30.
I. **Moscow on the Hudson** 7, 9:30, plus matinees on weekends and Memorial Day 1:45, 4:15.

Thursday 24

☐movies

The Owl and the Pussycat with Barbra Streisand and George Segal. Stevenson Series of Oldies But Goodies! 8 & 10:15pm, Stevenson Dining Hall. $1.50 Stevenson; $2 general.

Becoming American, a sensitive moving film of a Hmong family's immigration to the United States. 8pm, Merrill Dining hall.

☐concerts

Hotzeplotz performs Klesmir music, 8pm, Cowell Fireside.

All Star Celebrity Jazz Concert: Drummer Art Buell, Saxophonist Paul Contos and female jazz trio "Sugar." 8:30pm, Porter Dining Hall. $5

Friday 25

☐movies

Gillo Pontecorvo's **Battle of Algiers** is a tense, epic drama about the Algerian people's struggle for independence. 7pm, Oakes 105.

El Infierno Tan Temido (Hell so Feared). Argentine film study of odd obsessions in modern Buenos Aires. Part of the Argentine Film Series. 7:30pm, Classroom Unit 2.

Food First: the cause of hunger is not scarcity but corporate control over food resources. **Hamburger USA** and **The American Empire**, with Holly Sklar, author of "Tri Lateralism." 8pm, Communications Studio C.

☐theater

A Bharata Natyam dance performance by Emily Mayne, an experienced student of this classical South Indian art form. 8pm, Merrill Dining Hall.

The Stevenson Theatre Guild's spring production "The Servant of Two Masters" directed by Scott Kramer. 8pm, Stevenson Dining Hall. $2.50 students; $3.50 general.

☐lectures

World Population Crush and Living Lightly on the Land—Nicholas Whitehead. 12pm, Kerr 247.

Terry Amaler, Director of Program and Development, SF Community Board Center for Policy and Training, on "Community Mediation as an Alternative to the Criminal Justice System", 1pm, Kresge Seminar Room, 159.

Dr. Shirley Heath, Assoc. Prof. at Stanford University will speak on "A New World Within: Indochinese in the American Experience." Followed by "Textile Art from Highland Laos: Tradition and Change in America," by Ms. Arlene Sneider. 1pm, Merrill Dining Hall.

"Indian Classical Dance: From South India to the South Bay" by Katherine and K.P. Kunhiraman. 1pm, Communications Studio C

"Terukkuttu: Ritual Theatre of India" by Richmand Fracsa. 2pm, Communications Studio C.

Bill Asnis on "Revising the Bible." a Literature Board Work in Progress. Refreshments. 4pm, Kresge Seminar Room, 159.

☐meetings

Men's Rap Group, every 2nd and 4th Frida. 7pm, Stevenson 237A.

☐miscellaneous

Shabbat Pot-Luck with singing and dancing. 6pm, Baobab Lounge.

Saturday 26

☐movies

Viernes de la Eternidad (Friday of Eternity, Spanish with English subtitles): Two men fighting over a prostitute, engage in an adventure that becomes a battle among the living and the dead. 7:30pm, Classroom Unit 2.

☐theater

The Stevenson Theatre Guild's production of "The Servant of Two Masters." See May 25 for details.

☐miscellaneous

Art Exhibit: Photos of Goodwill by Greg Larson. Stevenson Coffeeshop.

Last Day, Art Exhibit: Photos of South America by Jeff White. Stevenson Coffeeshop.

Garden Exhibit of Senior Thesis Sculpture by Cynthia K. Blickenstaff and Carlos Wilson. Enchanting and thought provoking works of mixed mediums. Last Day. Sculpture Garden near PA.

A teach in on the triangular arms trade between US/Israel/Central America. 9am-4pm. Classroom Unit 2.

Afrikaza: come dance to the exciting music of Congo/Zaire with the 8 piece band Afrikaza. 9pm, Crown Dining Hall. $3 students; $4 general.



LITERARIA

For Adults of All Ages

by Sarah Rabkin

Smart Women, *by Judy Blume. G.P. Putnam's Sons; 193. $15.95. Hardcover.*

With 13 published novels for children and adolescents, Judy Blume has a fine reputation as a young people's author. Her characters suffer through parental divorces, delayed menses and other familiar private miseries, surmounting them with believable imperfection but with comforting humor and panache. When it comes to soothing juvenile growing pains, Judy Blume can probably claim more credit than all the school counselors in the country.

But this kind of reputation becomes a liability when an author undertakes to write for adults. As if Blume were herself struggling to transcend puberty, potential readers tend to scrutinize her adult novels warily. Has she really pulled it off, we wonder, or is this just another kids' book that happens to be about grown-ups?

Smart Women, Blume's third and newest adult novel, certainly reads a lot like her works for children. A junior high school student could get easily through its 300 pages of short, declarative sentences and brisk dialogue. But this stylistic simplicity, while occasionally annoying, belies the novel's underlying emotional richness and maturity. *Smart Women* is indeed another touching tale about people growing up, but in this case the people are decidedly adult, and their problems definitely appropriate to adult readers.

The story is set in Boulder, Colorado—a kind of Marin County on skis. The principal characters are several divorced parents with children. Each has immigrated there a decade or so prior to the novel's opening, running from various romantic and familial traumas and seeking emotional and professional renewal in the mountain sunshine.

Their daily lives abound in the accoutrements of chic yuppiehood. From the moment protagonist Margo slips blissfully into her hot tub in paragraph one, the reader enters a world of jogging suits, Jacuzzis and Jazzercise classes reminiscent of *The Serial*, Cyra McFadden's spoof of bed-hopping, Perrier-quaffing Marin fulfillment seekers. In *Smart Women*, though, no spoof seems intended, and the endless details become tiresome.

More engaging are the characters themselves, particularly Margo. She has fled a stifling marriage to a wealthy, grasping New York dentist, to settle happily in Boulder with her two teen-age children and to work as an architect for a Boulder firm. With a series of casual post-divorce sexual affairs behind her, Margo has resolved not to let herself and her children in for a second round of the kind of emotional havoc her divorce has wreaked. But the Big Question still looms: will she ever find a man with whom she can be happy?

When the ex-husband of a Boulder acquaintance moves in next door to Margo, a romance begins that ultimately involves their respective children, their ex-spouses, and their own parents. As Margo and Andrew struggle to balance their courtship with their responsibilities to all these other people, their affection for each other begins to resemble "a merging of families, a merging of histories."

Blume chronicles the reactions of her various characters to this triangle—no, polygon—as it affects each of them. She tells the story mainly through four characters: Margo, her daughter Michelle, Andrew's ex-wife B.B. and B.B.'s daughter, Sara.



Drawing by JENNIFER KNAPP

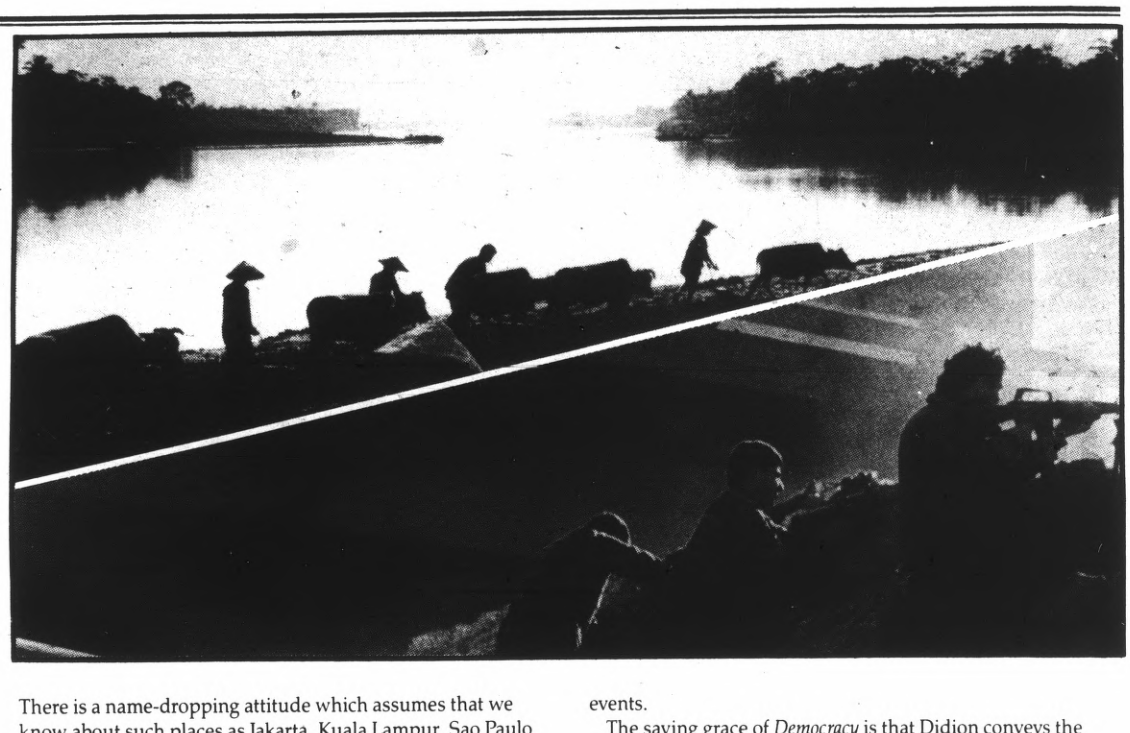
The "smart women" among these four are the ones who cope resiliently with the unexpected disappointments that inevitably come their way as the story unfolds. "You have to bend a little," says Margo to her daughter, whose response to her parents' breakup has been a desire to forestall further painful surprises by controlling her mother's love life. "Otherwise life gets too unbearably hard."

Each character learns in her own way to bend. Margo overcomes the inner voice that warns her against the risk of a new love ("*Adolescent. Romantic imbecile,*" it chides her in one of several funny italicized dialogues between Margo and her superego-voice). Michelle has her own first love affair, survives a broken heart, and becomes more tolerant of her mother's foibles. B.B., wounded and rigidly self-protective after the family tragedy that catalyzed her divorce from Andrew, reaches a breaking point and realizes that denial can't defend her against pain. And Sara grows to trust people to be good to her.

The lovely quality that emerges in Blume's telling of this tale is her combination of realism and optimism. The blunt directness of her storytelling style never inhibits her insistence on acknowledging life's difficulty and complexity. ("When you're without problems," remarks Margo's friend and confidante, Clare, "you're dead.") And yet Blume's novel celebrates the willingness, once one has calculated the risks involved in embracing life, to plunge in and take them. "If I didn't do anything I thought I was going to regret," says Margo, "I'd never do anything."

Sometimes a heartening novel, however simple, is worth a dozen dreary ones elegantly told. *Smart Women* makes up in emotional acuity what it lacks in literary subtlety. In this respect, Judy Blume's writing resembles a certain kind of pen-and-ink drawing, whose uncrafted individual penstrokes, laid almost randomly on the paper, don't look like much of anything when viewed at close range. When you back away from such a drawing, however, the picture—a portrait, a scene—snaps into focus. It all has to do with the proper laying-on of strokes to create a realistic balance of lights and darks—what the artists call a sense of "value." It's the same sensibility that guides Blume's pen.

Style Over Substance



by Anita Wilson

Democracy *by Joan Didion. Simon and Schuster. 234 pp., $13.95. Review copy courtesy of Bookshop Santa Cruz.*

Democracy, Joan Didion's latest work of fiction, is a difficult and fascinating study of the social politics of the United States from the late 1940s to the mid 1970s. Didion focuses specifically on the events of March 1975, as the Vietnam war draws to a slow and painful end. "This is a hard story to tell," Didion writes in the opening pages, and proceeds to tell it in a paradoxical fashion.

Through a strong narrative voice and random dialogues we encounter the main characters, Harry and Inez Victor, a political and media-wise couple whose relationship is falling apart with the times. Didion herself is a character in this work. Her narration conveys the bored hollowness of the world weary. She asserts the ennui—not of the glamor set—but of the radical chic, of those who are always in the political spotlight.

There is a name-dropping attitude which assumes that we know about such places as Jakarta, Kuala Lampur, Sao Paulo and Santiago. It is a rather snide attitude of "everybody who's anybody" knows about these places and their subsequent events.

The saving grace of *Democracy* is that Didion conveys the moral ambiguity of these people with such style. Style is always apparent in Didion's works; it holds the same fascinating attraction a high fashion mannequin does—compelling yet hollow. Didion writes of the events of the mid-1970s with a keen ear for the absurd and superficial. There are moments in the novel when we do experience an emotional connection, however, in *Democracy* these moments are rare.

Within Didion's works, such as *Play it as it Lays* and *A Book of Common Prayer,* the heroine is basically an existentialist—someone portrayed as knowing that "nothing matters." *Democracy* is in this sense no exception. Didion incorporates within her characters ideas of alienation, emptiness, and a strange sense of integrity. At times the characters become two-dimensional in quality; seldom do contrasting elements emerge in her characters. Ideas of fulfillment, compassion, love, and friendship receive a minimum of development.

Like the media world she critiques, Didion's treatment of characters is often filtered and uneven. Each character has his or her own reason for being in the game—i.e., the political process—but those reasons are never made clear. Didion mixes reality with fiction, citing a common political background which ranges from the civil rights movement and anti-war demonstrations of the '60s to the fall of Saigon in 1975.

The action occurs in multiple settings. There is a coup in Jakarta, academic dinners in Berkeley, and never-ending embassy receptions and dinners in New York and Washington. A family political murder occurs in Honolulu, land is dealt and arms are traded and the list goes on and on like a *Who's Who* of political phenomena. Everything is stated in *Democracy,* few things are explained or, once mentioned, returned to.

There is the further complication of interwoven themes of media exploitation and political credibility. Didion writes of Inez, whom she knows from the old days at *Vogue,* that Inez "had the protective instincts of a successful refugee. She never looked back." Didion records factually the inevitable burnout of being in the public eye. When a reporter asks her what it costs to live a public life, Inez responds, "Memory mainly... something like a shock treatment." The past for her has dematerialized. Harry Victor and his wisecracking agent, Billy Dillon, are too busy staying ahead of the media and playing the "game" to remember any principle beyond personal power and advancement.

A curious aspect of the novel is the effectiveness of imagery. It is here that Didion's technical mastery and style fully emerge. Images of "rain washing wild orchids" in Jakarta, and "mists blowing" in Puncak carry the reader out of the mundane and into the exotic. There are the tragic-comic images of C-130s and C-141s bringing out the hookers, pet dogs, dependents and porcelain elephants of US personnel and attaches. Didion contrasts organic images with sterile atmospheres and achieves, ironically, the only concrete element in this novel: the imagery.

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Camelot: The Untold Story



by Marty Stevens

Mists of Avalon *by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Alfred A. Knopf. 876 pages,* Paperback $8.95.

Everyone knows that King Arthur was a great and vibrant hero, his wife Guineviere was a pious maiden and their friend Lancelot was a staunch defender of the Christian faith. It's also known that Merlin fought the powers of darkness at their side, fending off the Satanic advances of arch-fiend Morgana le Fay.

But perhaps not.

In the *Mists of Avalon,* just out in paperback, author Marion Zimmer Bradley dismantles the Arthurian legend down to the essentials of character and event, and then rebuilds it from a female perspective. While the plot stays virtually unchanged from previous versions, the inner workings of the principle actors are radically restructured so that all previous sympathies are swept away and replaced by a near-complete reversal of priorities and expectations.

In Bradley's story, the main difference is in the personage of Morgana le Fay, Morgaine of the Fairies. In contrast to her traditional role as an evil witch, here she emerges as one of the last in a long line of custodians of the natural order between the earth and those who survive on its yield. She's a witch all right—working magic spells to nudge people in certain directions, subtly altering the weather and the like—but hardly the snaggle-toothed bogeywoman of our popular culture. Nor is she a perfect incarnation of the Goddess she represents. Bradley's Morgaine is just this side of plain looking, feared as much as she is revered, and not without doubts about her preordained purpose.

Since the standard villain has been elevated to the status of hero, it would be easy to assume that the reverse would also be true. Such is not the case, at least not in quite such a simplistic manner. Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are not transliterated into slavering brigands (though there's no telling how close to that state they were). Instead, all of the main characters are humanized, complete with all of the virtues and vices that our species is known for. The only identifiably evil characters are either in the service of the church or peripheral, like one loutish outlander who covets Guineviere's kingdom and bed. The Catholic religious hierarchy takes quite a beating in *Mists,* but the legend of Jesus Christ is treated with respect.

Several mentions are made of a wise man from the Mediterranean who came to study with the Druids while in his early adulthood. He is remembered by the Druids as a most wise and holy person.

Foremost in the rankings of Druid holymen stands the Merlin, "Merlin" being a title in this work, not a man's name. The Merlin is the supreme priest in the service of the Goddess, just as Morgaine is the high priestess. Taliesin, the Merlin, emerges as a wonderful man at the end of a rich life, full of both triumphs and disappointments. He is the epitome of the wise old man: joyful in the presence of children, always ready with an anecdote to provide comfort to the discouraged, and full of good cheer and broadmindedness while jockeying for position with his Christian counterparts.

The great Arthur, monarch of all Britain, fares less well. Though well-intentioned, he is prone to weak judgments, if not ill will. His ear is bent continually by the wheedling and

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Mists of Avalon: *continued from previous page*

cajolery of the gloom-and-doom priests and the neurotic pleadings of his wife, Guineviere (here spelled Gwenhwyfar). It's not that Arthur is feebleminded; he feels somewhat awed by his predestined position as savior of the British Isles and simultaneous defender of two contradictory faiths. Armed with magic weapons crafted by the pagans, Arthur is virtually invincible in battle, making him a natural role model for all aspiring knights of the realm. Yet the adulation heaped upon him is somehow never enough to convince him that he is capable of making his own decisions. He remains essentially an adolescent, even though the book covers decades of his life as an adult.

Despite the centuries intervening between our time and that of this novel, the themes are as fresh and relevant to our time as any story of modern life. Nothing less than the perception of reality is examined; specifically, whether the natural world of objects and events is a transitory and dangerous place to be vigilantly subdued, or an innately virtuous home to be cared for and reveled in. As could be expected, the followers of the Goddess come across in this argument as the kind of people you'd most want to be around. The Merlin, Morgaine and her sister priestesses, and the dwindling band of nature worshippers truly care for the outcome of Britain and her peoples, while the Christians are either self-serving demagogues like the priests, or mindless adherents interested only in the consolidation of power and the racial purification of Britain.

Amid the philosophical jousting is a romance that Bradley has delineated with great care. The mutual admiration society of Arthur, Gwenhwyfar, Lancelot and Morgaine provides a running counterpoint to the historical drama of the unification of the British Isles, while helping to explore the inner workings of the main protagonists. We see the human side of the larger-than-life personalities, the good and the less-than-noble. And talk about modern love! Arthur has willed himself to love Gwenhwyfar for political reasons (though he does have true affection for her), but she has loved Lancelot from the day they met. Morgaine just missed a teenaged tryst with Lancelot, rueing the day ever since, not to mention the fact that she's borne Arthur (her brother) a son from a fertility rite. Lancelot carries a lifelong torch for Gwenhwyfar in addition to something a bit more than brotherly love for Arthur. It may sound silly when capsulized like this, but it is a testament to Bradley's talent and skill that she shows the evolution of these interconnected romances over the years while making all of the characters sympathetic and their actions understandable, if not laudable.

The tone of the book is appropriate: moody and mystic, with many foreshadowing devices skittering about just outside our peripheral vision. This is not a light read—the good "guys" lose in the end, and you know it before the close of the first chapter. Fortunately, the philosophical stance of the book leaves room for hope even after the final curtain is drawn. The idea of biding one's time, of giving way judiciously in hope of a later opportunity, saves the reader from despair in the face of a lost cause.

Morgaine's motives and actions, and those of Merlin, are stirring examples of how to live in a world of ambiguous morality and the ubiquitous vices of the spirit. Taliesin, though aged and worn, is a man of strength, patience and intelligence. His strength manifests itself in a self-assuredness that doesn't need ostentatious display to reaffirm itself. Morgaine is the main focus of the book though, and she has no trouble at all carrying this complex work. For someone who traffics heavily in the world of invisible powers and mystic arts, Morgaine is a rather sensible, down-to-earth person. She has the common sense (sadly lacking in many of the characters) to see past the disfigurement of the Merlin's successor and to join with him in a love affair that, while flawed, allows each of them to live their lives in a proud and full manner.

Mists of Avalon may not be for everyone. If you crave heaping mounds of gratuitous sex and violence, I'd counsel you to look elsewhere. Likewise, if you have trouble with the historical setting, the quaint customs of medieval Europe could make for some slow going. But if you are drawn to tales of mythic proportions with heroic deeds stretched over a lifetime, the *Mists of Avalon* can provide you with solid entertainment, as well as a parable of people working in defense of their principles.

Democracy: *continued from previous page.*

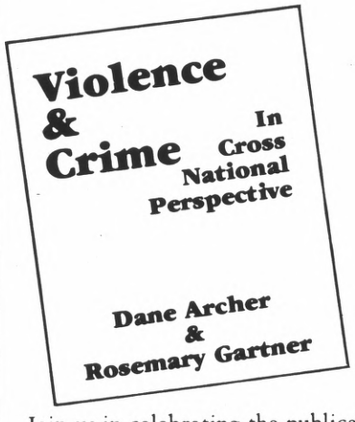
As in *A Book of Common Prayer*, Didion makes a deliberate effort to convey the fractured elements of personal lives and their environments. As Saigon falls and the evacuation dissolves into an "amateur hour," Inez Victor sits at a window watching the rain fall on her Saigon apartment balcony. The US-sponsored radio broadcast is playing "White Christmas" and repeating the all-too-obvious code of "Mother Call Home" to alert US personnel of the immediate evacuation. It is then that Inez realizes that no one is exempt from the general movement... "Just because they had a home to call. Just because they were Americans. NO."

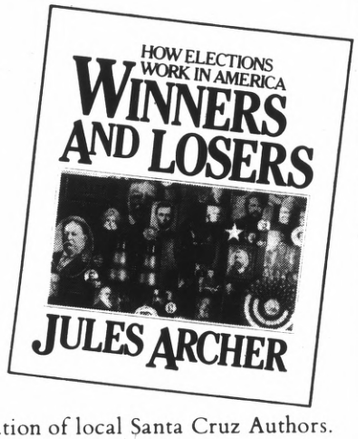
Democracy is a novel with a hundred stories never fully explained. Didion is excellent at capturing the black humor, social and political gaffes, and the rare sincere moment with insight and conciseness. The imagery is lucid and strong—almost cinematic in context. The brilliant pink dawns of the early Pacific atomic testing give way to the stale environs of convention rooms. The eerie lassitude of the tropics contrasts against the mindless light and vacuum of media coverage. Like Faulkner, it is a phrase or an image which often signals a change in the time scheme.

In this way Didion captures not only the physical landscape of events, but the mental as well. The novel is flawed by a lack of character development; for all the dialogue, narrative and facts we never experience the characters' concerns as our own. And at a deeper level, we never know what truly motivates their actions. Allusions to the past are myriad; headlines and news clips, television coverage and radio blurbs tap into the unconscious mind of the reader.

When a bartender snaps off the channel news covering the pullout in Vietnam and chuckles "Bye-bye Da Nang," there are echoes of other such incidents in our own lives—of a generation who took their information via the two-dimensional world of television. One of the most disturbing and unique devices employed in the novel is that of Didion inserting herself within her own work of fiction. It, along with all the facts, narrative and dialogue of characters, raises the haunting question of what is real in *Democracy*. Didion does not offer the answers here; that is her intent.

FATHER & SON
AUTHOR'S APPEARANCE:
Dane & Jules Archer





Join us in celebrating the publication of local Santa Cruz Authors. ***Winners and Losers*** by Jules Archer and ***Violence & Crime in Cross National Perspective*** by Dane Archer & Rosemary Gartner at Bookshop Santa Cruz on Saturday, May 26 at 2 pm. Jules & Dane Archer will sign copies of their books. Refreshments will be served.

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Drawing by MELISSA SIKES

Women Hold Up Two-Thirds of the Sky

by Linda Hooper

Machina Ex Dea: Feminist Perspectives on Technology, *edited by Joan Rothschild. Pergamon Press, 1982.*

The growing, unsettling influence of technology in our lives has some writers questioning the Disneylandish misconception of the inherent goodness of solving problems with better machines. *Machina Ex Dea: Feminist Perspectives on Technology* is an intriguing collection of essays analyzing the history and future of humans and the tools we use.

The Latin phrase *"machina ex dea"* is a metaphor for "technology issuing from the female spirit." *Machina Ex Dea,* the book, includes essays by 12 authors expressing a central theme: male bias exists in most technology and research, and that bias must be confronted and changed. One need not agree with that point of view to find *Machina Ex Dea* valuable and thought-provoking. Nor does one need to be a feminist or scientist. Technology, who uses it, and who says where it's going, is everyone's business.

Editor Joan Rothschild's introduction addresses the self-perpetuating problem of who controls technology. Technology, she argues, is part of our culture, culture is male dominated, and men develop technologies to reinforce male supremacy.

The essays in the first section, "Women, Technology, and Production," cover topics ranging from a biography of an engineer, to technological "advances" in housework, to an almost unreadable sociology paper on the effects of office automation on clerical workers.

By far the strongest essay is "Women Hold Up Two-Thirds of the Sky," by Autumn Stanley. She writes that a more accurate picture of the past will change our definition of *significant* technology. Technology can be building a fire, fixing a crashed computer, baking bread, or vacuuming the living room. But the male bias in our culture prompts us to think computer programming is significant technology, whereas choosing a laundry detergent is housework.

Stanley's essay is sprinkled with examples of the male bias that leads us to ignore scientific discoveries by women. For instance, she points out that female healers from medieval times to the 19th century used moldy bread wrapped on flesh wounds long before Fleming discovered the antibiotic effects of penicillin, a bread mold. Stanley argues that our language also changes depending on whether men or women are controlling the technology; moldy bread is "folk medicine," but penicillin is a "drug."

The three essays in the section on "Technology and Values" are excellent. "Mining the Earth's Womb," by Carolyn Merchant, reflects on the ancient concept of Earth as an organic being, the Mother of all people. Though early Mediterranean and Greek civilizations mined and quarried, forested and grazed, Merchant argues that their technologies were low-level, that people considered themselves part of a finite world, and that a sacred Nature was the basis of religion. It was not until the Renaissance, she continues, that a new concept of science emerged which did not include ideas of a living Mother Earth.

Another essay, "Toward an Ecological Feminist and Feminist Ecology" by Ynestra King illustrates her position that hatred of women and hatred of nature are intimately connected and mutually reinforcing. She believes that feminism and ecology need each other, because the destructive domination of each is founded in the same patriarchal thought.

The last section, "Feminist Perspectives for a Technological Age," is not coherent as a whole, but individual essays stand out. Sally Gerhart's "An End to Technology" is her "modest proposal"—the human race should just decide to die out, we've only made Earth worse for the rest of its creatures. "Women and the Assessment of Technology: To Think; To Be; To Unthink; To Free," by Corlann Gee Bush, offers a practical solution from all the foregoing theory.

A minor problem with *Machina Ex Dea* is that some of the essays are dry and chopped to bits with reference citations. But in spite of its sometimes unreadable academic style, the book is a perfect beginning for an exploration of technology's history and effects on our culture.

Jack and Joyce

by Elaine Anderson

Minor Characters. *by Joyce Johnson. Washington Square Press; 1984. $3.95. 277 pages.*

In every generation there exist groups of artists and writers who come together to share their dreams and their art during times of hardship and poverty. Many of these men and women go on to have their names immortalized on the covers of books, the corners of paintings, and in biographies and autobiographies written for later generations.

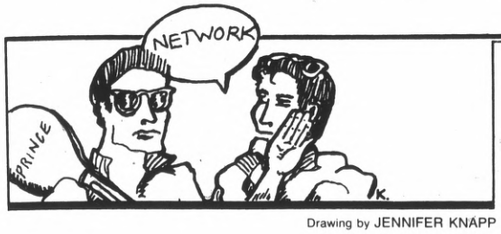
In her novel, *Minor Characters* Joyce Johnson explores "the boy gang" of the Beat generation, which includes Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, LeRoi Jones and Jackson Pollock. These men were the main forces behind a movement which would challenge the conventions of a subdued and unreceptive society. Just as important to Johnson, however, are the "minor characters," the women whose faith in these men was unbounded, and whose only remembrance would be as "amalgams of several people" in the works of the artists they loved.

Johnson's credentials for writing *Minor Characters* include a two year romance with Jack Kerouac. It was during this period that Kerouac published *On the Road*, the manifesto for the bohemian "Beatific" generation. Johnson shows us the personal side of Kerouac, a man so bewildered by fame that he often expressed a desire to find a cave to live in, away from everyone. She vents her frustration at falling in love with this "mama's boy," who lived with his mother for much of his later life. The mad, drunken nights spent following Jack from bar to bar are still engrained in her memory, nights when she would insist "in tones of outrage" that it was "time to go home." Johnson gives us a personal glimpse of Kerouac during a period of his life which is not captured in any of his own works.

Minor Characters is not, however, simply a story of Jack Kerouac's famous years. Instead it is about Johnson herself, a story of growing up female and unconventional. It is about other women who broke taboos for love; there's Maria, who feels she must love Billy "because he's Black"; Elise, who loves Ginsberg despite his homosexuality, and Hettie, who leaves the safety of her middle-class family to marry an unknown poet named Jones. These are the women who resisted the roles dictated to them by their society, a role which all too often consisted of waking up "one morning to find yourself a graduate student's wife in some bleak Sears Roebuck apartment out in Indiana or Iowa." They were searching for themselves, trying to find their place in the "boys gang," the group that existed in New York and San Francisco during the fifties. They too, wrote poetry and novels but at the time the idea of a "girls gang" was unimaginable. She and her friends were defining their lives in a group of men who wanted nothing more than a loyal, self-sacrificing woman to play the role of an artist's lover or wife. Looking back on her younger self, she gives this portrait: "As a female, she's not quite a part of the convergence. A fact she ignores, sitting by in her excitement, as the voices of men, always men, passionately rise and fall. Merely being here, she tells herself, is enough."

Minor Characters is the vehicle through which Johnson is finally able to make her mark, to find her own voice. Johnson is not trying to rid herself of the naivete and faith of young Joyce Glassman (her maiden name). "It's only her silence that I wish finally to give up." She remembers those days of decadence and struggle with a rosy nostalgia which leads one to wonder if it was really as exciting as she wants us to believe. Johnson never experienced the more sordid adventures and occasions which appear in Kerouac's novels and Ginsberg's poetry. However, her obvious love for the Beats brings magic and poetry to her writing. She sees their world through the fresh eyes of a young woman.

Unlike many biographies and autobiographies, *Minor Characters* is neither a vitriolic attack on old friends and ex-lovers, nor is it an academic expose, explaining the motivations and sources of artists' works. It is a warm and tender account of the group of men and women who refused to conform to society's norms, who laid the foundations for the counter-culture of the late Sixties. Joyce Johnson has something to say to those young people who are questioning the new conservatism: she is telling us that we have "a right to remain children."



Drawing by JENNIFER KNAPP

Megabucks

by Eric Engles

Megatrends, *by John Naisbitt. Warner Communications. $3.95 paperback. 233 pages.*

The popularity of John Naisbitt's *Megatrends* reflects the emergence of a new political force and philosophy: the socially liberal but economically conservative ideas popular with "yuppies" and espoused by Senator Gary Hart.

Sixty weeks on the New York *Times* bestseller list in its first edition, the second edition of the book—published in February with revisions and a new introduction—is selling as well as ever. The book's popularity should come as no surprise considering the continued strength of Hart's presidential campaign.

Hart is the first person in a list of 47 in the front of the book to rave about *Megatrends*, which he calls "an insightful analysis of the political, societal, and economic currents that will shape our future. It will be welcomed by all who care about today's—and tomorrow's—society."

With California's primary approaching and Hart expected to win, it is important to examine what is wrong with *Megatrends*—and by implication, with Gary Hart.

Before you even read the book, the identities of those other 46 people tell you something. Many are senior vice presidents and chief executive officers of the US's largest corporations. In fact, the book's biographical blurb on Naisbitt proudly calls him a "social forecaster" who is a consultant to IBM, AT&T, General Electric,and other multi-nationals.

Naisbitt's book appears benign on the surface. The table of contents outlines ten "trends" transforming our society. Some of these are obvious, such as the change from an industrial economy to an "informational economy"; others sound very welcome: centralization will give way to decentralization, representative democracy will evolve into participatory democracy, and networks will replace hierarchies.

But in predicting this future, Naisbitt makes several crucial mistakes. First, he uses tenuous and even erroneous data to support his hypotheses. For many of his trends, such as the evolution toward participatory democracy: a fine case can made that the *opposite* is true. Secondly, he doesn't understand class differences. Even if some of the disruptable trends are indeed real, such as the change from hierarchies to networks, they are real only in a narrow, elitist sense and will only affect the lives of people in the privileged classes. Networking may aid businesspeople; its benefit to farmworkers is dubious. Lastly and most importantly, he fosters a dangerous illusion. A more human, more egalitarian society for everyone—poor and affluent, Black and white—cannot happen if institutions that create and perpetuate inequality are left unchallenged. The economic system that gives bonuses to auto company executives and pay cuts to workers, and the political system that lets the Reagan administration alter the tax structure in favor of the affluent have to be changed in a fundamental way. This will necessarily involve *conflict*, something Naisbitt refuses to recognize when he assumes harmonious change.

These mistakes are not just flaws, they are the rotten foundation of the entire book. *Megatrends* is no more than a handbook for executives, entrepeneurs, and yuppies who want to know Naisbitt's forecasts in order to end up "a quantum leap ahead of those who hold on to the past." Naisbitt's trends are predictions for individuals seeking wealth—not collective, democratic visions for society. He sees the future as nearly predetermined; the best anyone can do is "ride the horse in the direction the horse is going." Social change as a means of challenging the horse's direction is alien to Naisbitt's way of thinking.

Naisbitt has no conception of relationships of domination, social inequality, racism, or sexism; he talks only of positive trends and ignores the many nega-megatrends that threaten the US's existence. His world is the sterile, competitive world of corporate America, and his analysis shows it. When he speaks of the risks of living in the past, it is not in terms of risks to people but to "our companies, our individual careers, our economy as a whole." His language and metaphors are consistently commercial: the most important way to change society is to "rethink our businesses." It becomes apparent that although he constantly uses "we" to mean everyone, he really only has in mind those who can afford personal computers.

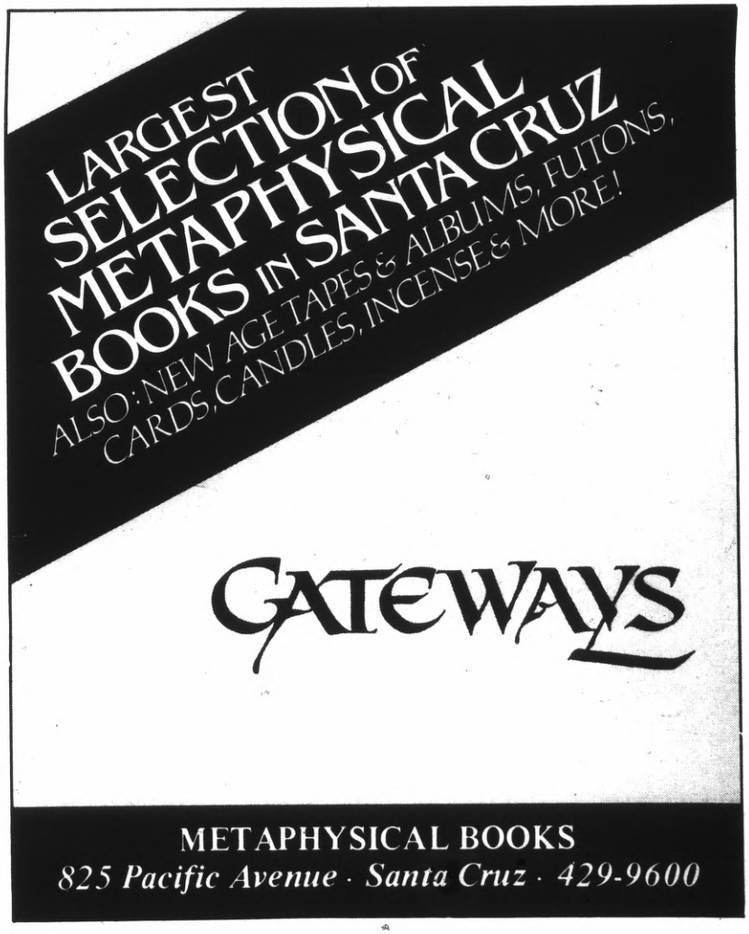
Naisbitt has the audacity to say the US is a "bottom-up" society—that trends begin at the "bottom" of society and work on up the social hierarchy. (Fads, on the other hand, are "top-down.") Then he says the "new source of power is not money in the hands of a few, but information in the hands of the many." Apparently for Naisbitt, society's "bottom" is somewhat more affluent than inner-city Oakland, and "power" has something to do with floppy discs.

An important component of Naisbitt's future is high technology. Although his basic assumption is that technology is inherently liberating, he does discuss the problems of hi-tech—alienation, mechanization, job loss, and control of labor by management.

But he dismisses these problems when he talks about "high touch" as hi-tech's alter-ego. By "high touch" he means tendencies toward greater human interaction which will counteract hi-tech's negative features. His concept of high touch, however, is tied to consumptive activities that will only make us more robotic consumers—one of his primary examples of hi-touch is the rising popularity of shopping malls as a place of social aggregration.

Naisbitt's book, read uncritically, makes the world seem moral and rational. Perhaps that's why it's so popular. In its pages poverty and violence vanish; the future is rosy; we need only sit back and look out for ourselves. It fosters political apathy (except perhaps for the simple act of voting) and strengthens individualism. As such, its ideas, far from being liberating, will only rob us more of our humanity.





A Nazi Bu[illegible]ss



Klaus Barbie (sixth from left, sitting) with his SS team

by Valerie Johnson

Klaus Barbie: The Butcher of Lyons, *by Tom Bower. Pantheon Books, $14.95. Review copy provided by Bookshop Santa Cruz.*

To trap a Nazi war criminal is to trap the devil: the hunt is as difficult as the prey is vicious. For 11 years Parisian lawyer Serge Klarsfeld and his German wife Beate battled in vain to bring the Nazi torturer and mass murderer back to Europe to face his victims. In *Klaus Barbie: Butcher of Lyons*, author Tom Bower gives a detailed synopsis of Barbie's life from the atrocities committed under Barbie's command as Gestapo Chief at Lyons, France to his extradition from Bolivia back to France.

For years after World War II, the Karlsfelds feared that Barbie would be shielded for the remainder of his life by the impenetrable South American underground that harbors many Nazi war criminals. Whenever they had Barbie within their grasp, they lost him to the "friendly protection" of Bolivian generals. Even their much publicized plan to employ Bolivian guerrillas to kidnap him in 1972 failed.

Bower was as hindered in his research as the Klarsfelds were in their quest by overly protective governments. In numerous instances, he was obliged to keep his resources anonymous. These came either from government archives or officials who wanted an authoritative version told, but refused to be quoted.

Bower's on-going story of the hunt for Nazi war criminals endows his narration with a thoroughness comparable to that of James Michener's novels. Bower produces documentaries for the BBC show, "Panorama," on which the Klaus Barbie story was first aired. His four major programs in "Panorama" depict the failure of Allied policies regarding war crimes and the de-Nazification of post-WW II Germany. For both "Panorama" and his recent book, Bower used the same sources, interviewing more than 200 people ranging from members of the United Nations War Crimes Commission to "unidentified" supporters of the Bolivian Pro-Nazi Party.

Bower unearths a wealth of information that is both fascinating and upsetting. By outlining in great detail Barbie's ruthless talent for interrogation and torture, the author portrays him as the model Nazi. However, some methods of torture might lead one to believe that Barbie was a brutal sex pervert. These methods include hot-iron branding or making incisions in the penis or a woman's breast. Yet, Bower is able to dispell the vision of Barbie as a sexual sicko by repeatedly emphasizing Barbie's desire to be respected by the Party he so deeply admired.

One question the author leaves unanswered is: why did the US government help Barbie and his family flee from Europe in 1951? One possible answer could be linked to British officials' finding one of Barbie's notebooks on underground Gestapo activities. Immediately after the discovery of the notebook, Barbie was placed under supervised American protection until the family was transported from Augsburg to Genoa, Italy, via the "Rat Line." Often descriptive of its shipments, the "Rat Line" was established in 1947 with official approval by the US Army's 430 Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) in Austria. It was originally set up to help American agents and sympathizers escape Europe. It seems likely that Barbie was classified as an American agent when the notebook was found but Bower never comes out and says this or even suggests it.

The "friend" who helped Barbie escape via the "Rat Line" remains a mystery. According to the Justice report, key CIC documents recording the decision to save Barbie "disappeared" just before the file was microfilmed in 1951. Bower states amnesia has severely afflicted all who are still alive and were directly involved in the decision in Augsburg, Stuttgart and Frankfurt.

Bower frequently portrays the Klarsfelds and Klaus as humans as well as hunters and fox. By doing this, he shows how the Klarsfeld's obsession with bringing Barbie to justice led them to include murder as a viable option. The author is also able to humanize the Nazi beast when circumstances warrant it. As his wife is dying of urinary cancer in a Bolivian hospital, Barbie—who can't bear to see her in pain—cries easily.

Although written in a style similar to a text, *Klaus Barbie: The Butcher of Lyon* is a gripping documentary. The narrative is effective because he does not succumb to frequent descriptions of torture and murder. Rather, he offers a sober account of the problems faced in chasing after a mirror image of Satan.

Settling for More

by Stephanie Denmark

Fly Away Home, *by Marge Piercy, Summit, 446pp. $16.95. Review copy courtesy of Bookshop Santa Cruz.*

Marge Piercy's reputation precedes her; in novels and poetry she explores and delineates feminism in a way that few other writers can. This, coupled with her strong prose and poetic imagery, has garnered Piercy a sizeable following. Her newest novel, *Fly Away Home* might come as a surprise to some readers. The scope of the novel is small—one woman who finds her own happiness after a messy divorce—and the politics middle-class. But Piercy's belief in the main character, Daria Walker, and her ability to eloquently integrate a message into her medium, saves the novel from being overly predictable. *Fly Away Home* is an engaging, albeit mainstream, novel.

Daria Walker finds fulfillment and identification in her husband, Ross, and in her beautiful suburban home. She has a career (cookbook writer, culinary consultant, minor TV personality) and takes pride in it, even though no one else does. Ross, a lawyer, calls her cookbooks "fat books." Daria, married 22 years, considers her career secondary to both her husband's career and her family (two daughters who are on their own). Daria lets Ross handle all the finances, assuming that he knows best. In one of the more implausible parts of the novel, Daria is shown to be completely ignorant of how much she, let alone her husband, makes.

Through a quick succession of events—her mother's death, her husband's demand for a divorce, the defection of one of her daughters to Daddy and his new woman, and the loss of her home—Daria "finds herself," and loses her middle-class complacency. "Was 'innocent' the opposite of guilty or the opposite of wise?" she wonders.

Through the course of the novel, Daria metamorphoses from a naive, conventional woman with a part-time job to a politically active and savvy career woman. By the end of the novel, Daria is living in a lower middle-class neighborhood in Boston with her working-class boyfriend Tom, and a Puerto Rican woman and her daughter.

The plot and Daria's naivete unravel at the same time. Daria wants a decent divorce settlement, and with the help of her lawyer, she uncovers her husband's financial wheelings and dealings—as well as his affair with a very thin, "very, very plain," young heiress.

Digging through their financial affairs, Daria discovers that her husband has been buying and selling slum properties for gentrification. As Daria wades through her husband's financial quagmire she becomes involved with SON (Save Our Neighborhood), a tenants' rights group that has been picketing her husband. Ross is a slumlord, forcing tenants out by setting small fires and refusing to do maintenance work. SON is fighting his attempts to throw them out of their homes, and Daria joins them.

Daria becomes increasingly involved with SON as the group tries to get her soon-to-be ex-husband into court on arson charges. She has a love affair with one of its leaders, a working-class carpenter, and is burned out of her home by Ross. Daria also learns to rely on herself for her security and happiness.

The chief flaw in the novel is the character of Ross Walker, who is inexplicably rotten. Ross turns out to be so utterly berefit of morals and scruples that the reader is hard pressed to believe that he was once a tender father or the "idealistic law student who was going into government to make the system work for the disadvantaged" that Daria married. He changed, but neither the readers nor Daria ever find out why or how. Daria waits for a revelation that never comes:

> *That day she realized she would never enter Ross's consciousness and understand...She felt as if she had been climbing an enormous mountain for months only to find at the top, not the view she had imagined, but simply fog and swirling clouds and rocks beneath her feet. No long view of the terrain covered would ever open up.*

Since Ross's transformation is never fully explained, he becomes the symbolic bad guy representing slum landlords and other middle-class capitalists. And Daria's complete ignorance of the change in her own husband—until he asks for a divorce—is unconvincing.

Still, this is the only major flaw in a novel where good triumphs over evil, and deep values (love, intimacy, friendship) prevail over shallow ones (control, money, power). But Daria's luck in finding a sexy and sensitive man, who is "into commitment" mere months after her husband walks out, seems overly simplistic.

Fly Away Home might be a surprise to many of Piercy's followers. Her past novels (*Vida, A Woman on the Edge of Time*, among others), which elegantly reflect on past and current feminist politics and envision future ones, have put Piercy in the feminist vanguard. There is no feminist analysis in *Fly Away Home*, or even any overt call to political action. The story is told on a small scale; Daria finds her own voice and her own happiness without going through any radical changes. But the story is good—with good food, good people and good politics.

Reagancomics

by Chris Geiger

Washingtoon. *by Mark Alan Stamaty. Congdon & Weed; 1983. $7.95. 140 pages.*

Senator Bob Forehead is more than a comic strip, more than another piquant, post-Doonesbury political satire. He is a trend, or maybe a fad if we're lucky, which has already overrun Washington, DC. Hundreds of Foreheads have come out of the marblework in the Reagan years, their message of "equal rights for the rich" trickling down on us like yellow rain.

Formerly reserved exclusively for Village *Voice* and Washington *Post*, Forehead's strips now reside in *Washingtoon*, Mark Alan Stamaty's first compilation. It is a timely treatise on the absurdities of the American political elite, including ample details on production, packaging, and sales of modern-day candidates. The book supplies both an education for those staunch holdouts of the "American Dream" set, and an inspiration for the new breed of puffball politicians.

Washingtoon traces Bob's career from late night TV advertising to his leadership of the influential "JFK look-alike conservative caucus." The career change proves difficult for Bob; it means giving up his lifelong ambition to be a TV quiz show personality, like his idol Monty Pearlmouth (host of "Grovel for Goodies"). But Bob soon discovers scant difference between the two occupations—nothing that a dedicated team of charismaticians and image specialists can't overcome. With the help of his discoverer, Glomonoid Corporation, President Gerard V. Oxboggle, Forehead soon cultivates the necessary fiery gaze and determined jaw-set. "Anyone who can sell glow-in-the-dark coathangers to me," remarks Oxboggle, "can sell supply side economics to America."

Forehead learns economics from Professor Arthur Giggle, who spent 15 years evaluating a trickle-down model based on the feeding habits of earthworms. Feed them from the bottom, says Giggle, and the worms at the top starve. Sprinkle food on top and the morsels filter down to even the lowest levels, giving everyone a fair shake. Such is the case with poor American worms at the bottom and tycoon worms on top. "Economics are simple, *very* simple," coaches Giggle. Armed with this indisputable logic, driven by his new-found empathy for the oppressed tycoon sector, equipped with a scientifically determined optimal shirt sleeve roll-up, and wielding a precise ration of fuzzwords and buzzwords, Bob soon becomes a bestseller in the American political marketplace

Forehead is especially overcome with compassion for Oxboggle, whose golf game suffers due to the "selfishness of the ecology freaks" who obstruct his innocent chemical dumping. Bob understands hunger—not the (probably communist-inspired) need for food, but mindless, insatiable, *American* hunger, like a video game's taste for quarters, or the Defense Department's appetite for new adventure. When Oxboggle is hospitalized for acute Megalogluttiasis (a deficiency of brain chemicals resulting in perennial dissatisfaction with one's material status) Forehead's resolve strengthens further. Looking deeply into Oxboggle's eyes, Bob feels the profound sense of loss wrought by the environmentalists' insensitivity to the profit motive.



Washingtoon unfurls a Washington political landscape so hollow it must be true. Legions of charismaticians and strategists continue to market their (candidate) products, true to the spirit of free enterprise. Forehead crusades his way through media imagedom, only occasionally running away to audition for LA quiz shows. Glomonoid Corporation missile salesmen offer specials-of-the-week to participating dictatorships. Col. Arestes Torturo Annoyu, ruler of Tyrania, lobbies for the credit card bomb, which exterminates people without credit cards exclusively. His defense minister trades dinette sets for classified gadgetry. And Forehead's wife Ginger goes punk.

This book should be read in one sitting by the serious student of political culture. Like all great epics, the story's full impact cannot be realized in mere three frame increments, as found in the *Voice*. Additional enjoyment can be derived from pasting a favorite Senator's face to Bob's, either in a photo or in person. Audio-visual aids, such as a "Sounds of the US Air Force Bomb Team" album, help put Bob's campaigns in their proper context.

Those who follow the above suggestions and remain unsmiling fall into two categories. One group has simply lost its ability to laugh at the absurd-but-sad truth. For the remainder, *Washingtoon* might scrape reality too closely for laughter. In this case, the best cure is a Reagan press conference, to restore that healthy state of illusion.



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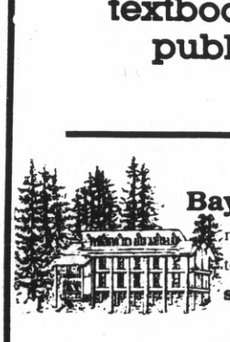
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The Disappearing Dream

by TC Golez

Vanishing, *by Kirby Wilkins. Blackwell Press/Watsonville, 1984, $4.95. 133 pages.*

For 17 years, Kirby Wilkins has been assisting aspiring writers—those earnest about their craft and those who want only to fulfill a college requirement. Wilkins has been teaching English and creative writing at Cabrillo College since 1967. Now a collection of his short stories culled from the past ten years is out in paperback form under the title *Vanishing.* Wilkins' first published book *Vanishing* is also the first publication of prose writing by Blackwell Press of Watsonville. Blackwell has traditionally put out letterset books of poetry.

Wilkins says this collection of stories is devoid of his "early existential angst, which didn't have much to do with anybody." He says he has "no trips to lay on the world" with his book. In Santa Cruz's literary enclave, with its abundance of artistically arcane and politically harangued "trips," this sounds almost too good to be true. Yet the stories themselves validate this claim.

Many of the stories in *Vanishing* take place in small desert settlements, the kind that tourists drive by on their way to Las Vegas or Reno. Wilkins stops at these places, taking note of events and people with both the eye of the outside observer and the heart of the home town local. There are places like "Indian Camp" where the half-Indian, Charlie Moon, has been tending bar at the Jack of Diamonds for the past 40 years. "...That was something—to sit on the same stool as your father before you, at the same scarred redwood bar, 30 feet long and two feet thick that had been there for 70 years, and for the price of a single be poured double drinks by the same bartender." The story gives us the view of small town inhabitants when the first freeway sign is installed, followed by a hotel complex and the inevitable influx of outsiders.

Wilkins writes of out-of-the-way places with an easy familiarity drawn from what he calls "the psychic landscape" of his native Nevada. While he treats his small town subjects with due respect and understanding, he by no means refrains from underscoring his stories with irony or humor. In "We Have the Animal, But We Do Not Have the Victim," Wilkins describes the noise and strange national pride of a fourth of July parade in one of the rural valley towns of Central California. "Here comes the Curtis Creek Marching Band, playing a tune that has been identified as 'When the Saints Go Marching In,' with their teacher, Dana Sue Palemone, sweating, red-faced, striding eccentrically up the street beside them."

Interlaced with the details of a Norman Rockwell Independence Day are newspaper and radio announcements that the president of the US is missing. Later the townfolk are wonderfully surprised when their president arrives on a float surrounded by "the Buckskin Brigade of Fresno, the California Gold Miners, the Sierra High Riders Explorer Post (trained in mountain rescue, snow survival and ice climbing), and Bob Coane of Twaine Hart, candidate for Sheriff to Tuolumne County." Suddenly the cheering crowd is given a special treat when the president dowses himself with gasoline and proceeds to self-immolate. Oh, if wishes were horses...

Not all the stories are about small town US. "The Calcutta-Varnassi Coupon" takes place in India where Ace Larner, a diarrhea-stricken American pays his dues to the Third World.

"Firebird" opens up with a Vietnam vet and his girlfriend zooming across the desert night as they down Mai Tais and flatten rabbits that don't hop out of their way fast enough.

"Poet" is a commentary on the pretensions endemic to literary academia. A Bukowski-like poet is brought to read before a well-heeled university crowd. The poet, however, has no use for their refined respectability, nor they for his belligerence. "Their polite interest in poetry had condemned them to this awful spectacle: a famous man drunk or in some kind of psychotic stupor." Wilkins succumbs in the end to a tasteful hero-gets-girl scenario.

At first glance, Wilkins might be seen to be copping out on his female characters. At times he describes their physical appearance with an appraising male eye. ("By some miracle of inheritance, her breasts are still alert.") A good number of the central characters are women. While their behavior is often passive, the women in the stories are in the author's words "smarter than the men." They are not super-career women, or women who find themselves and decide to become union organizers. They are like many women, able to see or intuit an unspoken malaise either in their relationships or in society. Sharon, the wife and mother in "Signs," is on vacation with her family. While her daughter is plugged into the radio, her son occupied with his dirt bike, her husband trying to tune in a Dodgers game, she attempts to unite her family through camping. At the same time, she is dealing with indications that the world outside her trailer space demands her attention; it threatens to blow itself up, taking her family and RV with it.

The most satisfying piece in the book is the title story written from the point of view of a young boy. The boy recalls with childlike astuteness the details of the day his father left the family. There is no cloying sentimentality, only the steady piecing together of details as the boy and his mother discuss why dad left the Buick at home today.

> *Yes, I remember now. It was spring, I could smell the freshly cut lawn, hear cars on the street. The window was open. 'Mom,' I said from where I languished in the sofa, 'why is the Buick on the driveway?'*
>
> *She was working over dad's recliner. She used the polish on plastic as well as wood. Every week, on a Wednesday or Thurdsay, she polished. Getting ready for guests on the weekend, I suppose, or maybe relatives.*

The story gracefully depicts the friendship and mutual respect between mother and son. We are left with the sense that it is this bonding which will ensure the survival of the family, now minus dad.

About writing, Wilkins says, "It definitely screws up your life. I've blocked out huge parts of life while working on tons of shit that nobody will read. It doesn't make sense." But the fact that Kirby Wilkins has been stuck away in some room typing is not evident in his stories. His characters and situations are ordinary people who come to remarkable conclusions about their world. In *Vanishing* the extraordinary occurs, but in those private corners where the 20th century speed and hype can't catch it.

CALENDAR

...day 27

...ovies

...de Revancha (Time for ...: A political thriller based ...an's attempt to confront a ...and exploitative ...tion. Winner of 16 ...onal film awards. 7:30pm, ...m Unit 2.

... Implications of Nuclear ...ogy with Helen Caldicott; ...nes, No Boundaries; ...ma—Nagasaki, the ... the atomic bomb on ...m, Communications ... Free.

...orts

...er 30 Coed Soccer League, ...m. West Field.

...h Annual UCSC Banana ...ssic: A Seven Mile Run. ...East Field, $3 pre- ...on; $4 day of race.

...Club Recreation Rides ...nday morning. 9am, Town

...scellaneous

...le paintings by Jeanne ...tevenson Library.

...mestic Violence Prevention ...ill explore the myths, ...causes and possible ... change in an educational ...on on the wide-spread ...f domestic violence. 3pm, ...5.

Monday 28

meetings:

AASA's general meetings. 7pm, Baobab Lounge,

sports

Mt. Charlie Century, 100 mile bike ride through SC County, registration forms available at all bike shops in town, food and drink provided. registration from 6-8am on the 28th. East Field House, $6 before May 23, $9 after.

miscellaneous

Holiday, academic and administrative.

I-You Venture: A program designed to develop one to one friendships between students and residents of Santa Cruz Nursing Homes. Adopt a Grandparent! Help with our art class! Leaving from Cowell College main entrance Mon. afternoons at 3pm

Campus wide large group meeting with singing, worship and a weekly speaker. The focus for this quarter will be "Jesus: His Views on World Justice and Mercy." All are welcome! 6:30pm, Classroom Unit 1.

The Domestic Violence Prevention Project will explore the myths, realities, causes and possible avenues of change in an educational presentation on the wide-spread problem of domestic violence. 7pm, Stevenson Fireside Lounge.

Tuesday 29

movies

The popular film, **Killing Us Softly**, exposes the real messages of advertisements. See how the media has shaped our values and ideas about sex roles. Discussion follows. 12pm, Cowell Health Center Conference Room.

The Rape Prevention Education Program presents the film, **Not Only Strangers**, which takes a poignant look at acquaintance rape, dispelling the myth that most rapes are committed by strangers. Discussion follows. 3:30pm, Cowell Health Center.

lectures

Gaye Tuchman, visiting professor Feminist Studies, Stanford, on "Pushing Victorian Women Writers Out of the Literary Marketplace: On Changing Occupational Sex-Type." 11:30am. Stevenson Conference Room.

W. Ross Adey, Pettis memorial Veterans Hospital, Loma Linda, CA, on "Non-linear, Non-equilibrium Interactions of Electromagnetic Fields at the Cell Membrane." 4pm, Thimann 1.

Ira Sandperl, Gandhian specialist, speaks on "Gandhi and the A-Bomb." 4pm, Stevenson Fireside Lounge.

Fireside Chat: Richard Moll, Dean of Admissions, will speak on "UCSC—attuned to the '80s?" A forum on admissions. 7pm, Stevenson Fireside Lounge.

Dane Archer will speak on "Violence and the Prevention of Nuclear War." Alan Nelson, Clinical Psychologist, will speak on "Towards a Psychology of Peace." 8pm, Oakes 105.

meetings

Chicano Grad Meeting. 5pm, Oakes 103

Chug Ivrit Hebrew discussion group. All are welcome. 7pm, Stevenson 221.

MECHA meets every Tuesday—new members are welcome!! 7pm, Cowell 223.

miscellaneous

A Palestinian Evening: Food, music and politics. Dinner at 5:30, music and talk by student from Bir Seit University (On the West Bank) begin at 7. 5:30pm, La Bahia Cafe. Dinner $2.50, music and talk are free.

Weekly workshop dealing with topics relevant to rape and sexism in our community. 7:30pm, Oakes 103.

Wednesday 30

movies

Lucia (1969, B/W, Cuba, 160 min.) Humberto Solas' epic of three women caught up in Cuban history, each determined and determining within the context of social attitudes of the period. 7:30pm, Classroom Unit 2.

lectures

"Nuclear Winter: Basic Physics." A lecture by James B. Pollack. NASA-Ames Research Center. 3:45pm, Nat Sci II, Room 221.

Professor M. Makosza, Dir., Institute of Organic Chemistry, Polish Academy of Sciences, Warsaw and President, Technical University of Warsaw, "Vicarious Nucleophilic Substitution." 4:15pm, Thimann 397.

Saul Landau, filmmaker and author will speak on "An Alternative Policy in Central America" and Bill Domhoff, author of "Who Rules America Now" will discuss "How Foreign Policy is Made." 8pm, Oakes 105.

meetings

Come and help us organize Jesse Jackson's campaign. All welcome! 7pm, Cowell 131.

Weekly meeting of the University Council. 7pm, McHenry 325.

miscellaneous

Deadline for submissions for undergraduate essay cash prizes. One of the two $50 prizes will be awarded to an essay in Comparitive History and one for an essay in International Studies/International Politics. Open to all fields. Merrill D.

Literature table, 12pm, Stevenson Main Quad, Intervarsity Christian Fellowship.

Workshop in Congolese Dance by Titos Sompa. 3pm, PA A105.

The Life Journey, a personal growth group for students giving attention to the psychological, spiritual and social aspects of the Life Journey. 4pm, Oakes 316.

The Domestic Violence Prevention Project will explore the myths, realities, causes and possible avenues of change in an educational presentation on the wide-spread problem of domestic violence. 7pm, Kresge Lounge.

Bible study, singing, fellowshiping and games. 7:30pm, Baobab Lounge.

Thursday 31

movies

Bridge on the River Kwai with William Holden and Alec Guiness. Stevenson Series of Oldies But Goodies! 8 & 10:15pm. Stevenson Dining Hall. $1.50 Stevenson; $2 general.

lectures

Dr. Ken Dill, Pharmaceutical Chemistry, UCSF, "Why do Proteins Fold?" 12pm, Thimann 397.

Biology of Cancer Lecture: "Patient Panel." Steven Mann, Radiologist, Dominican Hospital with Patient Volunteers. Public Welcome. 7pm, Classroom Unit 2.

Eckankar presents a series of lectures on spiritual subjects. Tonight: The Ultimate Freedom 7:30pm, Charles Merrill Lounge

"Awakening Wisdom and Compassion: Intro. to Tibetan Buddhism." A six week lecture series taught by visiting Tibetan teacher Lama Dudjom Dorje covering the basic principles of Buddhism and application to daily life. 7:30pm, Kerr 247. Donation requested.

Aikos Barton and John Ely will present a talk with slides on the Green Party in Germany: its prospects for the future and relevance to the US. 8pm, Kresge Seminar Room, 159.

meetings

The German Kollektiv is the first German speaking organization on the UCSC campus. Come and join us for refreshments, music and the planning of future events. All are welcome. 7pm, Baobab Lounge.

miscellaneous

The Spiral Journey, a personal and spiritual growth group for students seeking to discover explore and pursue their personal life journey. 8:30am, Health Center Counseling Room.

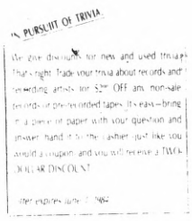
Campus Swap Meet. Spaces free, but reservations required. Make reservatons at recreation trailer or ...l 429-2806. 2:30pm, East Field.

The Spring Festival is an annual event intended to let students unwind before final exams. Saga BBQ, games, sports and live music as well as a campus swap meet are among this year's events! 3:30pm, East Field.

"Just a Position." A senior dance thesis by seniors Kevin W. Edwards, Susanne Paynovitch and Janet Walker plus an ensemble of 30 other dancers. 8pm, Performing Arts Theatre. Admission: $2.

To get your on-campus event listed in Calendar, contact the Campus Activities office by 4pm Monday.

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McHenry Is My Kind of Place

by Douglas A. Ertman

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I COULD FIND A book in any library and tear pop-tops off beer cans with my elbows, occasionally performing these tasks simultaneously. Technological advancement has stripped me of both abilities, but the death of the card catalog has affected me the most. Bony transparency viewers have replaced the old index card system, and today's library patrons are given two choices: hunt or go fiche.

Research rookies quickly learn that hunting is a mistake. McHenry houses 70,000 books (called volumes), hundreds of newspapers and magazines (called periodicals), and hordes of caffeine-crazed individuals (called students). If you are one of the latter and your research has reached a dead end, it is time to seek professional help.

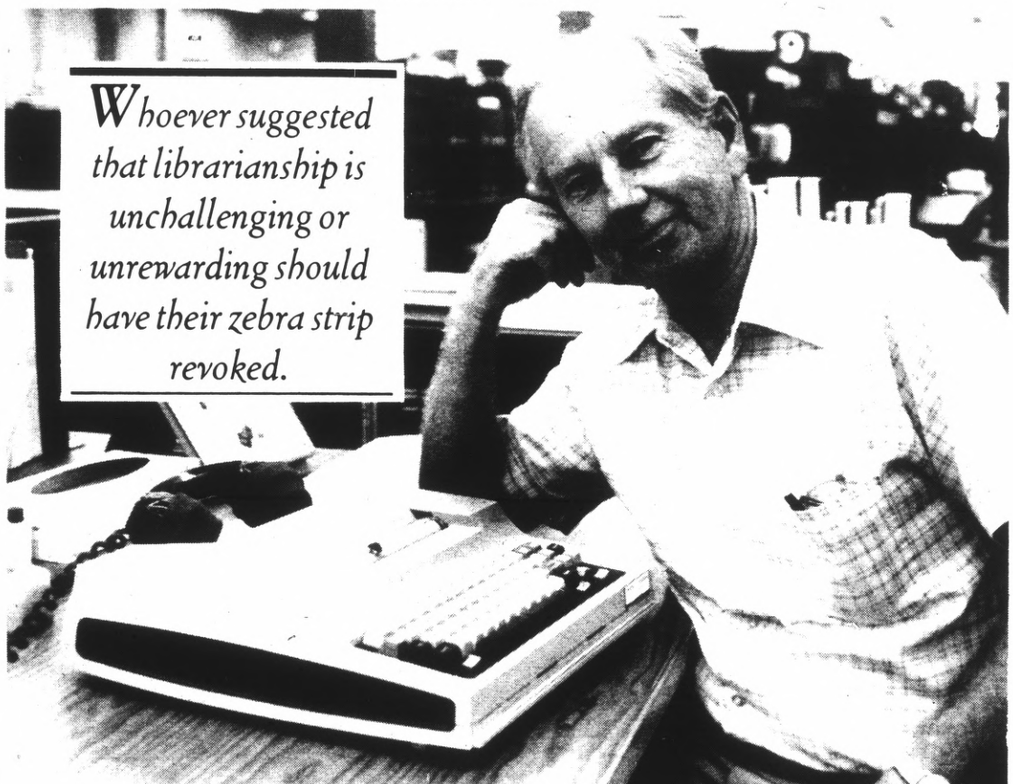
Associate Librarian Al Eickhoff was working the reference desk when I beseeched him to find a newspaper article vital to the existence of my sociology paper. I confessed that, although I possessed the author's name, I did not know when the article was published or what the title had been. Al told me to stop sweating as he sat down before a portable computer keyboard. He dialed several numbers on his phone and shoved the receiver into the back of the terminal. I watched transfixed as he punched the keys a few times, said "got it!," and the printer typed out the precise location of the article I needed. My amazement could scarcely have been greater if he had pulled the information out of his hat. In exactly one minute and one second, at a cost of $1.61, Mr. Eickhoff saved me from almost certain academic doom and ridicule.

Although many of us have reconciled our existence with the computer age, there are still a lot of closet technophobes out there. My roommate for example, thinks that silicon chips are something to serve with guacamole. I can handle Atari video games and cars that calculate their own gas mileage, but what I witnessed in the library was nothing short of technological witchcraft. I discovered that Eickhoff had dialed a number in Palo Alto, entered a password and connected his terminal to a computer system. Owned by Lockheed, the system is called Dialog and is available for worldwide use through phone lines. Eickhoff simply entered a relevant computer file (or data base) and, using an eliminatory search strategy, pinpointed the article I requested.

"The computer can access over 200 data bases," Eickhoff explained, "but we mainly use about 15 of them." The data bases most used are "sociology, psychology, and the humanities," as well as a few dealing with current events. The cost of searching the computer files differs with each data base ranging from 40 cents per minute for "education" to $2 per minute for a periodical file that covers newspapers printed within the last 45 days.

The cost of "ready reference searches" such as my request is covered by McHenry's budget; according to Eickhoff the reference staff gets $83 per month to use Dialog, and "that includes operator training, glitches [mistakes], and supplies." The science library has an identical computer, and also receives $83 per month to research scientific subjects. What happens when the cost of the searches exceeds this figure? "Luckily," smiled Eickhoff, "we haven't had that happen yet, but we've come close." The library charges patrons for computer time if they wish to research a subject or a concept rather than simply find one article. "We do an average of 60 searches per month, and about one fourth of our [computer] patrons are not students," said Eickhoff. "We get a lot of psychologists from Monterey and Carmel doing research."

Whoever suggested that librarianship is unchallenging or unrewarding should have their zebra strip revoked.



Associate Librarian Al Eickhoff

Photo by DOUG ERTMAN

Whoever suggested that librarianship is unchallenging or unrewarding should have their zebra stripe revoked. The five full time and two part time employees that staff the reference desk at McHenry can breathe life into any research project or nurse a dying thesis back to health. I call them the ABC team, and they perform their mental calisthenics with the grace of professional athletes; they can find a fact quicker than Eric Heiden can skate his way around a frozen birdbath, and their information is more accurate than Kareem's hook shot.But most importantly, they have never failed me. In our increasingly technological and impersonal world, that is cause to rejoice. ✓

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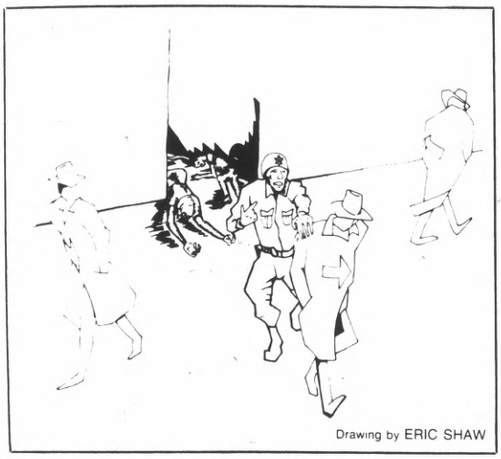


Corner of Cedar & Locust
429-1000

In Defense of Zionism

by Shmuel Thaler

ANTI-ZIONISM AND OFTEN ANTI-SEMITISM have become increasingly "in vogue" among progressives. The bandwagon effect of rabble-rousing rhetoric, coupled with political and cultural ignorance of the Mid-East situation and Jewish history, has led to a large number of people saddling Israel, and often times Jews everywhere, with the guilt of causing all the problems in the Middle East. Israel is inevitably portrayed as the villain, the Arab governments come out looking



Drawing by ERIC SHAW

like knights in shining armor, and the PLO is beyond reproach.

I do not believe Israel is above criticism. Having lived in Israel for a number of years certainly dispelled what Dan Siegel in his *City on a Hill* article "Seeking a Moral Symmetry" called my "romantic, even Biblical visions of the land of Israel." My involvement in the Peace Now movement while in Israel and my continued support today demonstrate my opposition to many Israeli government policies, however committed I remain to Zionism. My opposition to these policies is based on the assumption that all the peoples of the Middle East have a right to self-determination, safety and security—including the Jews.

The Jews' need to establish a haven from anti-semitism is not, as Dan Siegel believes, an "extreme Zionist belief that Jews are unassimilable in Europe," but rather a result of recurring anti-Jewish legislation, violence and, ultimately, genocide. The position of the Jew as scapegoat was consciously preserved and manipulated by the rulers of Europe by means of decrees and laws forbidding Jews to own land and hence be an expendable part of the economy. In addition, Jews were only permitted to enter a few professions, including tax-collecting, money-lending and merchantry. They were then accused of taking peasants' hard-earned money and causing national problems which were actually caused by greedy and corrupt lords and kings. In Germany, where Jews finally felt safe and assimilated, thousands were burned in the Nazi crematoria because their great-grandparents were Jewish.

Apart from being a result of a positive cultural identity, Zionism is the justified reaction by Jews who want to participate in all the socio-economic strata of society. I am not morally defending the Israeli invasion of Lebanon and the selling of arms to Latin American dictatorships. I hope my work within Zionist groups will help redirect the priorities of the Israeli government. I work for this change in the context of understanding the scope and complexity of the entire Mid-East situation.

The Middle East is comprised of some 18 Arab countries. By their own decrees they are all at war with Israel, with the exception of Egypt. Since its inception (as mandated by the United Nations) Israel's legitimate right to exist has never been recognized by the Arab world. The PLO charter still includes an emphasis of ridding the Middle East of the "Zionist entity."

Still, Zionists must try to talk with the Palestinians. We must make them see that Israel rightfully exists. We must also provide for a just solution to the plight of the Palestinian people. The PLO must recognize Israel and be willing to talk to its representatives and Israel must do likewise for the Palestinians. All sides must renounce violence and terrorism. The PLO must also protect its members, such as central committee member Sartawi who was assassinated by fellow Palestinians for talking to Matti Peled and other Israeli doves.

Although democracy is not a cure for all of society's ills it is a sign that a country is based on freedom and equality. It is painfully clear that no one cares about the disregard for human rights by Syria, Kuwait or Saudi Arabia, while Israel is constantly scrutinized.

Violence must be condemned no matter what its source. It is, of course, omnipresent in the Middle East. I will not forgive the Israelis for bombing refugee camps, but neither can I forgive Palestinian terrorists for the intentional murder of civilians.

Palestinian terrorists hijack buses, spray bullets and hand grenades in crowded shopping areas, and intentionally take over kibbutz children's houses and systematically murder babies. The war they wage is almost always aimed at civilians. If they survive, most of these terrorists retreat to the refugee camps, and the PLO is based in some of the camps. But Israel's bombing of refugee camps is neither a moral nor an effective way to end Arab terrorism. The options left open to the Israelis are very few, but new strategies must be initiated.

It is important to call a murderer a murderer. Certain violent acts are acceptable to some in the name of a just cause. The intentional killing of civilians must be abhorred. Let us condemn all murderers, including those Palestinians who murder. Someday children in Israel and the rest of the Middle East will grow up in a safe environment. Let us be diligent in our striving for a safer world.

Dan Siegel (*City on a Hill*, May 10, p. 20) believes that Israel has become a pariah state because of its own immoral actions. He is wrong. Israel has long been condemned for alleged racism by such tyrannical regimes as Iraq, Libya, and Yemen in the United Nations—with the blessings of many imperialistic and racist countries in Europe, Africa, Asia and the Americas. Israel is condemned because it is a Jewish state and not because of its actions. Siegel decidedly omitted any mention of the worldwide boycott of Israel imposed by the OPEC nations during the 1970s. Using the immense power that oil wields, the Arab world coerced most of the nations of the world to sever their economic ties to Israel and accuse Israel of acts and crimes of which she is innocent. As exemplified by the OPEC boycott, countries of the world decide their foreign policies on a purely economic, survivalist, and egotistical basis. Siegel believes that international trade is based on morals and ethics. Such a belief is unbelievably naive.

Before the OPEC boycott, Israel had good relations (ambassadorial, economic, and political) with all of Black Africa and most of the Third World. Israel is a pariah state due to anti-semitic and anti-Zionist actions. Israel does not wish to be a pariah state. Until more nations of the world stand up to the power of OPEC, the Israelis will feel that they have no choice with whom they trade. No one has ever offered a hand to help the Jews and there is no reason to believe someone other than the United States is about to start.

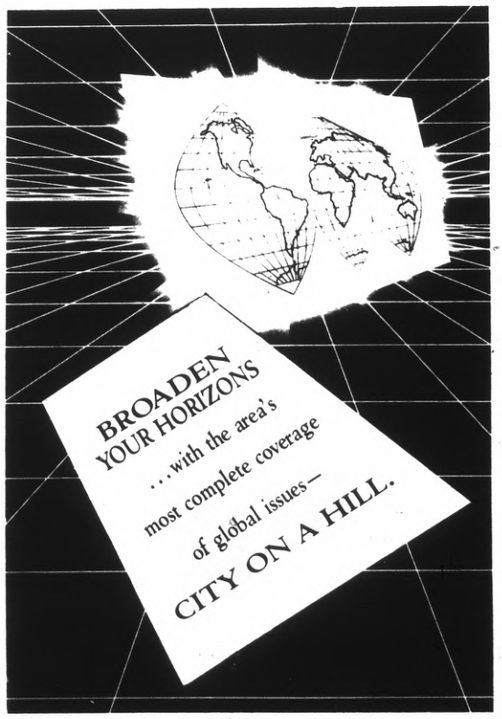
It is acceptable for Jews and non-Jews to take issue with some policies of the Israeli government within the context of believing in Israel's right to exist. We must, however, be vigilant in being even-handed in our condemnation of violence. To believe the Jews and Zionists control the media, banks, or electoral politics in the United States results from ignorance and scapegoating. Jews do not control television networks, own banks or newspapers, and are but a small number of elected officials.

Jews do vote in large numbers but do not vote in blocks. Jews do care how a candidate stands on Israel as do most voters, but Jews vote for candidates on the left and on the right just like any other ethnic group.

Our goal should be to further understand the complexities of the Mid-East situation and to be even-handed in our treatment. Zionism is a just cause and I hope progressives here and the Arab world will soon understand that.

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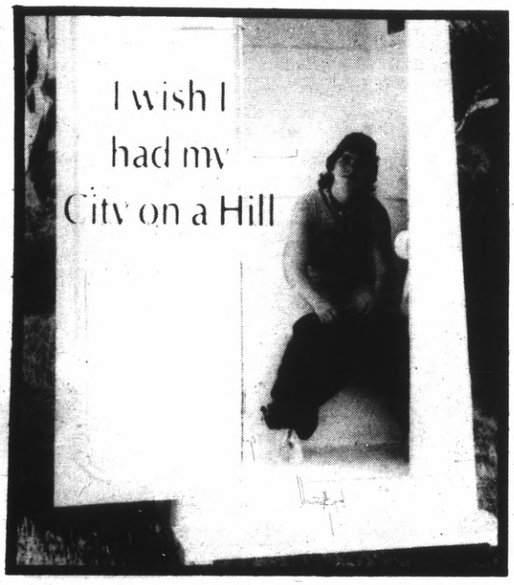


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OPINION

Ignorance Breeds Contempt

by Sheila Davis
for the Third World Caucus

RACISM, LIKE ILLITERACY, IS A PROBLEM THAT cannot be ignored. The author of "A Wonderful Event" in the Stevenson newsletter *Doublespeak* is a first-year UCSC student and a racist. But we in the Third World Caucus (TWC) do not condemn him for being a racist anymore than we would condemn functionally illiterate people who receive high school diplomas. When high schools award diplomas to students who are illiterate it is a reflection of the institution rather than the individual. The Stevenson Newsletter—characterized by tasteless and vulgar writing all year—on May 9 published an offensive article on break dancing. The racism demonstrated in the article is too blatant to go unexamined.

In a discussion in front of the Stevenson Provost house last Friday, many students at Stevenson College insisted that "A Wonderful Event" was merely a tastelessly written piece satirizing Stevenson students' racism. The idea that the author will graduate from UCSC with a polished wit but an ignorance of the importance of confronting racism, seemed to evade many Stevenson students. The impromptu discussion between the Stevenson Student Council, Stevenson Provost David Kaun, and members of TWC (comprised of students from the Asian American Student Alliance, Black Student Alliance, Mecha, and interested students not affiliated with an organization) revealed the magnitude of the misunderstanding in this institution concerning people of color.

In his attempt to point out the racism of his fellow Stevenson colleagues during the break dancing event, the author represented a textbook example of a racist. Not once did he satirize the Stevenson audience or himself in the audience; instead with a dehumanizing tone, he projected his own feelings of inadequacy "as a member of a white crowd" onto the young Black and Hispanic break dancers.

A healthy number of conflicting opinons about the author's intentions emerged among Stevenson students during the discussion in front of the provost's house. The Stevenson Student Council members apologized so many times that TWC members asked them not to apologize anymore. A few Stevenson students praised the article for provoking controversy on racial issues that are rarely addressed at the college.

Members of the Stevenson Student Council repeatedly stated that they knew how we (TWC) must feel. How could they know? If the students truly knew how we felt they would have terminated the newsletter long ago—or at least monitored the publication to prevent the vulgar language and offensive messages conveyed in the articles.

After two hours of discussion in front of the provost's house, the Stevenson Student Council and Provost Kaun agreed to submit a letter to *City on a Hill* explaining the misunderstanding. They will also distribute a letter of apology to every student's box on campus.

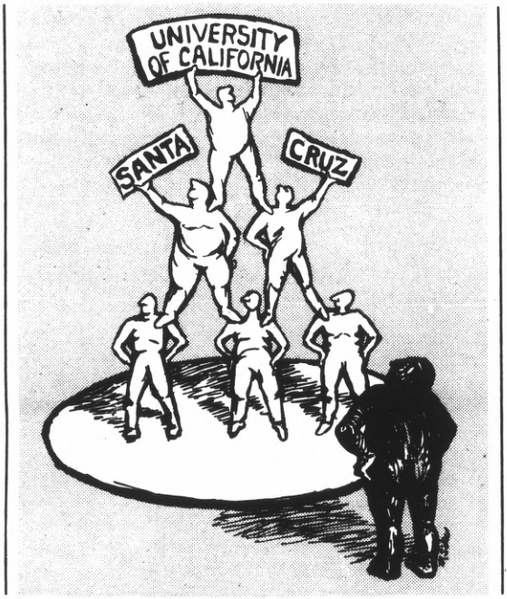
Early the next morning the TWC wrote a petition to accompany the Council's apology which is to be distributed in the students' boxes. The petition asks students to support an ethnic studies breadth requirement. We believe this petition is a positive step toward addressing the problem of institutionalized racism. If a breadth requirement is created, it will at least force the university to offer a larger variety of courses. It would also lead to the ethnic diversification of faculty and ensure that students enroll in the courses. Students could no more avoid taking a course concerning non-Eurocentric material than they could an art course (which will be a requirement for first-year students in 1984-85). Ethnic studies courses could easily fall under the new "topical" breadth requirements which the Committee on Educational Policy has designed so that disciplines address topics of public importance at a non-specialized, introductory level.

We believe that if the author of "A Wonderful Event" was required to study African, Afro-American, Chicano or Mexican history and culture perhaps he and his peers could gain respect for the young dancers as creative and talented artists with a distinctive heritage. Perhaps the article's author could appreciate the contributions other cultures make to this country instead of being embarrassed by them. If he is embarrassed by watching break dancing at Stevenson he should be equally embarrassed by Coke and Mountain Dew commercials which feature break dancers, and when he watches tap, or jazz dancing and listens to salsa, reggae, blues, rag, rock, or punk.

The existing ethnic awareness programs at Stevenson College and at this university in general are inadequate. Students such as the author, who deny their racism and who find no need to attend forums and lectures on the subject are the students who would benefit most from them.

UCSC administrators say breadth requirements are intended to expose students to creative problem-solving techniques. But the university is failing to prepare students to understand and deal with racism—one of the most significant problems this nation faces.

The author of "A Wonderful Event" cannot be blamed for his present ignorance of other people in this society; but as a college student he bears part of the responsibility for his education. He claims that in the article he was criticizing his peers for their upper middle-class white attitudes, but he must also realize the strength he holds as a member of that class to change the university.



Drawing by MELISSA SIKES

Minority students starved themselves in a hunger strike three years ago attempting to change the curriculum so that it better represented their interests. Yet when upper middle-class white students decided that they wanted more career-oriented majors such as engineering and computer science, the entire emphasis of this campus changed to accommodate their desires.

Feminist author Adrienne Rich once said "You cannot afford to think that you are here [in the University] to *receive* an education; you will do much better to think of yourself as being here to *claim* one." UCSC Chancellor Robert Sinsheimer expresses similar beliefs in UCSC's general catalog: "A liberal education attempts to prepare young men and women to be the masters and not the servants of events in their lives."

A first-year student has unwittingly pointed to a serious form of ignorance that exists in this institution and permeates our society. One would think that if he had taken the time to reflect on how other people would be affected or offended by the article, he possibly would have approached the problem of racism at Stevenson differently. He unfortunately was never socially or academically exposed to the people he offended, limiting his ability to constructively challenge a serious problem that influences every aspect of our lives—and is reflected in the US's foreign and domestic policies as well.

The current underrepresentation of minority students on this campus is a problem that the university claims that it cannot immediately alleviate. But the underrepresentation of people of color in the curriculum is an issue for which we must all bear responsiblility and make a concerted effort to change.

ANALYSIS

Egypt Plan Collapses

UC Yankees Go Home

by **Joost R. Hiltermann**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HAS AN uncanny way of sticking its nose into politically controversial projects and investments. A few that immediately spring to mind: UC's hotly contested plans for an R&D Center in Santa Cruz; UC management of the Los Alamos and Lawrence Livermore laboratories; and UC's investment of monies in major international corporations that conduct business in countries like South Africa.

Once in a while, this willingness on the part of UC to extend its institutional reach beyond research and teaching on its campuses lands it in precarious situations, possible preludes to fiasco. This happened recently when overpowering political currents swept away a large UC agricultural project in Egypt, damaging UC's credibility as well as its profits.

The Agricultural Development Systems project (ADS), involved over 650 Egyptian researchers and 130 US scientists and economists in an $18 million agricultural research project in Egypt. ADS received the bulk of its funding from the US Agency for International Development (USAID) and depended on cooperation between the University of California in Davis (UCD) and the Egyptian Ministry of Agriculture (MOA).

The origins of the project can be traced to the restructuring of US development aid programs in the wake of the US defeat in the Vietnam War. In the eyes of many, USAID had assumed an excessively political role in Vietnam via its participation in the US counter-insurgency program that aimed at pacifying the Vietnamese.

AID was engaged in two types of activities in Vietnam. It hotly pursued "winning the hearts and minds" of the Vietnamese by providing food, shelter and jobs, and by channeling aid to Vietnamese refugees fleeing rural areas bombed by US warplanes. It also served as a cover for CIA agents, and it conducted "social science" research that could later be used to facilitate US military actions.

US policy-makers saw a need after the war, said Alan Richards, professor of economics at UC Santa Cruz, to "get AID out of police business" and to "de-CIA-ify" the agency by using US universities as intermediaries between the US and Third World governments. In 1975, AID agreed to bankroll research and development projects based on so-called five-year "host-country contracts" between Third World governments and US land-grant institutions through the International Development and Food Assistance Act (also known as Title 12).

UC Davis entered into such a contract with the Egyptian government in 1978 responding, says its final report on the ADS project, to the "humanitarian imperative" to "help people feed themselves" in the face of acute food shortages in developing countries.

The project came on stream in January 1979. Financed 80 percent by USAID and 20 percent by the Egyptian government, the project was administered by two directors, an official from the Egyptian MOA and a UCD faculty member. The first year-and-a-half were very slow for a variety of reasons, but eventually ADS scored several accomplishments: it facilitated a number of collaborative research activities between US and Egyptian scientists, it initiated several agricultural projects, and it organized, according to the final ADS report, "workshops, guest lecturers, exchange visits by both Egyptians and UC researchers, short-and long-term training programs, formal training for PhD degrees and other educationally related activities."

At the end of the project's third year, UCD officials announced that the University would have to be assured of continued AID financial support by September 1982, or it would not consider renewing the five-year contract, due to expire at the end of 1983. AID pledged its support for a continuation of the contract beyond the expiration date, but did not commit itself in writing.

In the following months, tensions between UCD and AID officials increased, and a top AID administrator hinted that AID might try to eliminate UCD from the project. When no formal AID decision about extending UCD's contract reached the UCD campus by the September 1982 deadline, UCD officials were forced to go ahead, with some disappointment, to announce their intention to phase out the ADS project and terminate it by August.

continued on next page



Drawing by MELISSA SIKES

After 5000 years the world's empires continue to maneuver for control of the fertile Nile Valley.

Deja Vu

Imagine yourself in the shoes of a weary western traveler in Egypt. And imagine that you want to visit that bastion of US educational power in Egypt, the American University in Cairo (AUC).

Hidden from view by high walls without windows, AUC is situated in the heart of Cairo, overlooking Tahrir square, and the Nile beyond. Once you pass the Egyptian security guards—who nod gently to westerners but stop and check all non-westerners they do not recognize—climb the steps leading to the new library. They are high steps, requiring a major physical effort, built perhaps with the pyramids in mind. Once inside, go up two flights of stairs until you reach the top floor.

There, in the far back, is the "Special Collections" room. Turn to the Egyptian librarian, who will be sitting behind a desk, and ask for the key to the glass cabinet that holds a large collection of sizeable, old, but beautifully preserved hardcover books.

There you are, at the top of the American University in Cairo, holding in your hands a weighty tome, rather dusty, that is part of the multi-volume collection called "A Description of Egypt." The work is the result of an immense social research enterprise commissioned by Napoleon upon his invasion of Egypt in 1798. There you are, leafing through the most thorough of all western descriptions of early 19th century Egyptian society, a study that was intended to help the French invaders establish and expand their control over the peoples of the Nile Valley.

Once you have a good impression of Napoleon's ambitious endeavor in scientific analysis, leave the library and return to the street. Leap over the open sewer outside and cross the busy intersection of Kasr El Eini and Tahrir Square, dodging the traffic that comes speeding toward you. The elevator will zoom up with a pleasant hum, and for a moment you will think that you are in Washington, DC. Walk down a block until you reach the building with the large "Bank of America" sign. Enter through the side door and call the elevator.

The Egyptian lift operator will ask you politely where you want to go. You say, "AID, please," and he will push the button for the ninth floor. At the ninth floor you will leave the elevator behind two immaculately dressed westerners, presumably American, who have been carrying on a conversation in English about the growth potential and cost-effectiveness of the new US-funded low-income housing project in a poverty-stricken Cairo neighborhood.

The Egyptian receptionist at the office entrance will ask you the purpose of your visit, but since you look western, this is purely a formality. You will receive a pass slip that you must hold on to. The American marine at the checkpoint will rummage through your bag to check for... for what? You climb up an extra flight of stairs, and enter the library of the US Agency for International Development in Cairo.

Here you find a room filled with literature about the social and economic development of Egypt of the last two or three decades, commissioned by the US government. It includes descriptions of research projects and their social impact; analyses of chronic problems, like overpopulation, sewage, housing shortages, land use, unemployment; monographs on village leadership, food riots, industrial policy, and so on, all from a western point of view.

You stand there for a few minutes, in awe of the magnitude of information based on years of US-sponsored research, and you have a sense of deja vu. Then you leave.

Next time you visit Cairo, stop by the AUC and AID libraries. Climb the steep AUC stairway and ascend in the pleasantly humming AID elevator with the immaculately dressed westerners and the polite Egyptian lift operator. Upstairs, you will find an enormous collection of books, documents, reports, and occasional papers. They constitute a lasting testimony to the continued, unrelenting western effort to penetrate and control Egypt's profitable and strategically vital Nile Valley.

Joost Hiltermann lived in Cairo and studied at the AUC and AID libraries for nine months last year.

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continued from previous page

UC YANKEES

THE COLLAPSE OF ADS CAUSED QUITE A STIR inside both UCD and AID, and officials from both institutions continue with great bitterness to blame each other, and occasionally the Egyptians for folding the project. UCD and AID's conflicting missions seem to have essentially forced UCD's withdrawal from the ADS project. Robert Morrow, who worked on the original design of ADS and who served as AID's senior agricultural officer in Egypt in 1977-1978, blamed the persistent animosity between AID and UCD on the fact that they "did not understand each other's expectations," and that "UC did not understand what the project was all about." Morrow asserted that UCD, unlike AID, developed only two sub-projects, "which were research projects, not development-oriented projects, aside from the tomato project."

A UCD faculty member, who asked not to be identified, corroborated this statement, but threw the blame on AID, charging that AID did not want to fund research, only production facilities, and that the AID director in Cairo, Michael Stone, "was pushing hard for investment projects, not human projects."

The rationale for stressing investment projects over research activities is that investment projects generate fast and visible results, while research generally brings about visible changes only after an extended period of time. This emphasis on visible results is important since AID is walking a political tightrope in Egypt: Many Egyptians dislike its presence and influence, but tolerate AID as long as Egyptians stand to gain (e.g. through AID help in increasing food production and improving the housing situation).

AID thus faced the dilemma. As long as it had little direct control over the ADS project—which was the case given the terms of the existing host-country contract between UCD and the Egyptian government—it could not force a shift from long-term research to short-term productive activities. It therefore had to eliminate UC participation in the project and reassert its own authority vis-a-vis the Egyptians.

Consequently, AID decided against sponsoring a renewed ADS contract. When Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak demanded a change in the structure of US aid to Egypt, AID had an acceptable pretext to drop the project. Mubarak asked that the US grant aid to Egypt and Israel on equal terms. Israel receives a lump-sum aid check from the US government, whereas development aid to Egypt is disbursed by a large AID mission that insists on supervising, if not administering, the various development projects itself.

Thus AID effectively reversed the US's politically motivated turn to host-country contracts at the end of the Vietnam War, which had aimed at drawing US research institutions into the development branch of US foreign policy. The ADS project was the first such contract not to be extended beyond the expiration date simply because it was one of the first such contracts in existence. AID officials insisted that similar contracts with other US research institutions will also be allowed to expire in the future.

THE ADS IMBROGLIO SHOULD TEACH THE University of California a lesson about extending its role to foreign lands, especially in alliance with the US government. Too easily, the subordinate partner in a seemingly innocent development project unwittingly turns into a tool of US foreign policy, a leaf in gusty political winds. As the ADS debacle demonstrates, UC has little to gain from such a role.

As for US aid policy in Egypt, it continues unchanged without UCD participation. AID's mission in Cairo, however, while reversing post-Vietnam policies, has not quite resumed the overtly political role AID had in Saigon. Comparing the two cases, Richards observed that AID in Egypt, unlike the mission in Saigon, has no counter-insurgency program and that the Egyptian state is stronger than the Thieu regime, so that the Egyptians won't let AID increase its police role.

But informed Egyptians do not view AID's activities as an unmixed blessing. A debate last year among Egyptian scholars in *Al-Ahram al-Iktisadi*, a weekly magazine of politics and economics, sought to "expose American infiltration" in Egyptian society, and specifically criticized the role of US funding and personnel in joint research ventures conducted in Egypt. One contributor referred to these ventures as "the invaders' reconnaissance mission."

The debate is part of a resurgent nationalist sentiment in Egypt in the last few years that finds its most recent origins in a growing disenchantment with the US role in the Middle East in general, and with the economic "Open Door" policy in Egypt in particular. As examples of how Egypt fares poorly by its links with the US, critics of the Mubarak regime specify US support for an expansionist Israel, and commercial benefits the US reaps from a policy of free trade through open borders with Egypt. At best, some of these observers believe, Egypt's gains from this arrangement remain questionable.

This resurgent nationalism is forcing the Mubarak government to steer clear from too close an involvement with the Americans, and it partly explains Mubarak's demand "to have the same treatment as Israel" as far as aid is concerned.

But it may be impossible for Egypt to receive the economic fruits of AID involvement without also bearing political costs in the form of a noticeable American influence over Egyptian society. After all, part of the reason for the US presence in Egypt is that the US needs Egypt for economic and strategic purposes, but considers Egypt too unstable to stand on its own feet as a reliable ally. The ADS report frankly states: "The value of insuring food adequacy [in a country like Egypt] goes beyond the well-being of the individual, for it is a vital ingredient of economic and political stability and is an important component of US foreign policy."

Equally bluntly, the AID director in Cairo, Michael Stone, told a predominantly American audience in Cairo last year, why the US taxpayer should agree to pour $1 billion a year (or 20 percent of the US's total world aid budget) into Egypt. He explained that the US commitment to Egypt had grown out of the change in political direction Egypt took in the 1970s, especially after the Camp David peace treaty with Israel. "The US taxpayer may not understand this," Stone asserted, "but the rationale is that [the AID program in Egypt] is a political program and that we are here for political reasons."

Finally, a high-ranking UC official based in Cairo confided in private last year: "If you can replace 50,000 American troops by a $1 billion annual investment in a ramshackle development program, or in other words, if you can have peace and stability in the Middle East for $1 billion a year, that is a hell of a bargain!"





ADS is studying the mechanization of agricultural practices that have not changed in a century.

Beyond the Role

The Woman Behind Mrs. Sinsheimer

by **Kristin Schafer**

KAREN SINSHEIMER REALIZES SHE IS SOMEwhat of an enigma on the UCSC campus in her role as the "Chancellor's wife." "People probably wonder what I do all day," she said with a smile.

In her easy, gracious manner, Sinsheimer described to a small group of faculty and students gathered last week in the Stevenson Fireside Lounge how over 120 University functions every year keep her occupied as organizer and hostess. "When Bob's in town, we may have four or five events in a week," she said. "It's kind of like living in a public house."

Much of Sinsheimer's time is also devoted to her duties as president of "Friends of the Arts," a UCSC organization she founded with music professor David Cope, which promotes community involvement in campus arts events. She is currently active in putting together a local summer Shakespearean Festival as well, which is in its third year of production and last year boasted 8000 visitors. "We're trying to get it on viable financial footing," she explained. She also finds time to work on a novel she is co-writing with a friend.

Sinsheimer, who is 42, has found her last two years of volunteer work a rewarding experience. "The day I stopped working," she said, "it was as though everything just rushed in to fill the space." What she does miss, however, is her financial independence. Sinsheimer has worked to support herself throughout her life, from teaching English in Thailand with the Peace Corps to working three years as the executive assistant to the chair of 20th Century Fox. For the first year of the two and a half years she has spent at UCSC, she commuted to Menlo Park as a consultant to a financial advising firm.



Photo by LAURIE COLE

Karen Sinsheimer has worked to support herself throughout her life, from teaching English in Thailand with the Peace Corps to working three years as the executive assistant to the chair of 20th Century Fox.

"I miss having my own paycheck," she said. "I didn't think it would bother me, but it really does. It's hard to adjust to." But this vivacious woman does not regret her decision to step into the social role of a Chancellor's wife. She describes her time at UCSC as "stimulating and challenging," and finds it "a real privilege" to make the acquaintance of the people she has had the opportunity to meet in her position.

She also considers herself lucky to find her duties so flexible. "People here are very willing to let me define my role in my own way," she said. "Twenty or 30 years ago you hired a wife along with her husband. That's not an assumption here at all."

As to her own career, Sinsheimer plans to do more writing in the future. The novel she is working on now will stem from her experiences at California Technical Institute (Caltech), where among other capacities she worked under Harold Brown. He later became the national Secretary of Defense, and was depicted by *Time* magazine as one of the most brilliant men in government.

"I learned a lot from working with that man," she said thoughtfully. "He gave me a great deal of confidence in my own abilities. The day he asked me to write a speech for him—that was one of the best gifts I ever got."

Sinsheimer describes her life as a continuous struggle for self-confidence. "If there are 10 things and nine are successes, I look at the failure. I think about it and brood on it." She mentioned she has heard this described as a female trait, but believes the situation may be changing. "Pre-1965 and post-1965 college graduates might as well be a generation apart," she said. Sinsheimer graduated from the University of Redlands in 1964. "The role models, the mentors are all different—much more supportive of self-confidence for women."

Women are also faced with more choices now, according to Sinsheimer. "I think sometimes women are going to have to forego having children," she said. She decided early she was not going to have a family, partly in light of her career, and partly due to her own childhood. "I always had a difficult time understanding where children fit into the scheme of things," she said, "since my experience wasn't a happy one." For Sinsheimer, childhood meant responsibility for holding together an unhappy marriage.

Sinsheimer's career accomplishments include the publication of two books, which she wrote in the course of her work at Caltech. Both works detail museum photography exhibitions. She also met Robert Sinsheimer at Caltech; they were both involved in earlier marriages at the time. When she left the Institute after the dissolution of her first marriage in 1978 ("as so often happens, we started going in really different directions"), Sinsheimer applied for a variety of jobs, including some at UCSC. "The Chancellor had said 'come to Santa Cruz if you ever need a job,' " she explained. She never got a postcard confirming her application, much to the chagrin of the Chancellor. "I tease him about it all the time."

Instead, Sinsheimer was hired by 20th Century Fox, where she got herself on the executive ladder. "It was one of those remarkable experiences that you wish you'd taken notes on the whole time," she said. She plans to write a book at some point based on her experiences in Hollywood. "The movie industry is amazingly other-worldly in many ways," she described. "The sense of values, mores, lavishness, banality, mediocrity—all those adjectives you hear really fit. And at the same time it's glamorous and provocative."

During the three years working at Fox, Sinsheimer and the Chancellor were involved in a long distance relationship. "You can imagine the phone bills and the plane fares," she laughed. After losing her job through a "power play" which reorganized the company, she married Bob Sinsheimer and moved to Santa Cruz.

Having been part of the work force for most of her life, Sinsheimer believes it is "crucial to a healthy society" that women have the same opportunity as men to achieve career goals. She does not, however, call herself a feminist. "I'm not comfortable with the label," she said. "The definition is in transition. It means so many things to so many different people."

Regarding the Chancellor's work-related decisions, Sinsheimer said she doesn't have much influence. "He's talking with people in his office all day," she said. "He comes home and he doesn't want to talk [about issues] anymore. He's not a person that thinks out loud."

Sinsheimer does share her husband's frustration when he, or his views, are misrepresented. In reference to the proposed R&D Center she said, "It's very hard for people to understand when Bob says to them 'I can't speak for the regents.' He would never go along with nuclear weapons research." Sinsheimer believes the issue has been so politicized that many of the merits and demerits of the proposal have become unclear. "So much has been lost in the verbiage," she said.

In defining her position at UCSC, Sinsheimer said, "I support and enhance the Chancellor's role in a non-academic and non-administrative way." She does not, however, see herself only as the chancellor's wife. "For many people, I am 'Mrs. Chancellor,' " she said. In spite of this label, Sinsheimer retains her individuality.

She explained that she possesses a strong sense of self because she voluntarily decided to devote all her energy to UCSC. "When I came up here [to Santa Cruz] I launched into another career, thinking I needed a connection outside of the University to keep my own world in order—to keep my identity." She discovered that attempting to maintain both a career and her social role was "certainly not satisfying." So Sinsheimer decided it would be "nice just to be the Chancellor's wife."

"I realized that in my role here I had a great opportunity," she said. "It was a matter of transforming my skills into this role, and making it what I wanted it to be."

Artificial Insemination

Motherhood Without Men

by Rachel Lurie

THE STRUGGLE FOR REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS is most often focused on a woman's right to choose and have access to a safe abortion. But recently, the option of artificial insemination has expanded a woman's choice by allowing her to decide not only if she wants a child, but *how* she will have it. This option has taken maternal rights to a new realm where few legal precedents exist.

Artificial insemination is a relatively simple process in which a woman uses semen from a male donor to become pregnant. Although the method has been used for many years, it has been limited almost exclusively to married heterosexual couples where the husband was infertile. Recently, lesbians and single heterosexual women have begun to see the process as an alternative way of having children—without the stress and possible legal complications of a known natural father.

Donna Hitchens, an attorney with the Lesbian Rights Project in San Francisco, explained in a phone interview last week, "Many women execute contracts with the donors to clarify expectations, rights and responsibilities...But by and large, the law is totally unclear on these contracts."

The purpose of contracts between the semen donor and recipient is to assure the legal rights of the mother or co-parents. Hitchens said that of the 40 to 50 women she's worked with who have been artificially inseminated, "about 30 had contracts. To my knowledge, there have been no problems [when there's a contract]. The situations most likely to have problems are when there's a known donor who [did not sign a contract], who will have contact with the child."

According to Hitchens, the only statute on the subject in California reads something like, "if the semen is donated to a licensed physician to be used for a woman who is not the donor's wife, the donor is not the legal father." She said that it is an old law, originally designed to "protect married couples with an infertile father." Under this law, the donor could not claim any paternal rights.

Barbara Raboy, director of the sperm bank of the Oakland Women's Health Center, and a mother by insemination, described to *City on a Hill* last week the types of contracts donors and recipients sign when they agree to participate in her program. "The donor signs a contract that releases all rights and responsibilities to the offspring. He has a choice in signing; to remain anonymous forever or to give permission for information to be released when the child turns 18."

In return, the recipient signs a contract saying that the donor will not be held responsible for any financial or emotional support for the child. The recipient also agrees, Raboy said, that "there is no guarantee she'll get pregnant or that it will be a normal healthy baby, and that in no way will the donor be considered the legal father."

Raboy stated that the sperm bank she directs, which opened in October, 1982, is the first bank ever to be totally accessible to clients. "Before this, banks have only been accessible to doctors getting semen for their clients" she said. She described this system as "very secretive" with couples getting sperm through physicians without knowing where or who it came from. Raboy said the program she operates has "several licensed professionals on the staff." The protective statute states that the process must be "under direction of a physician," but the actual insemination can be done by a woman at home. She said that once a recipient goes through initial orientation, fertility awareness classes and a physical exam, a private consultation is done where "the woman, or couple, choose a donor." After this process, the woman can either be inseminated by a doctor in the office or "pack the semen on dry ice and inseminate at home."

There are two methods of insemination used at the Oakland Women's Health Center, according to Raboy. The first is vaginal insemination, which a woman can do herself with a syringe. This has been called the "turkey baster" method, but Raboy explained that using something as big as a baster is dangerous because it can push air into the cervix. The other method is an inter-uterine process that is performed in cases where the male partner has a low sperm count or if the woman has been trying to inseminate for two to five months. Raboy explained that this process involves inserting a catheter into the cervical canal until it hits the uterus and the semen is released. No actual penile penetration is necessary in either method to impregnate the woman.

Choosing a donor at the sperm bank, Raboy explained, involves looking through the "Sperm Bank Catalog" for a donor whose physical "and hereditary characteristics are appealing. Specifics of lifestyle and personal history such as education, talents, drug-use and diet are asked of all donors," and Raboy explained that the donors are paid between $1-$25 for their semen; costs for a woman to go through the entire program, including a pre-natal program, are adjusted on a sliding scale from $200-$2000. Raboy also said that of the women who come to the sperm bank, 40 percent are single heterosexual women, lesbians make up about 30 percent and married couples constitute the remaining 30 percent.

While some legal safeguards exist in the sperm banks, as in the contracts Raboy and Hitchens refer to, Hitchens stressed that "contracts haven't been tested in court. The courts decide what they believe to be in the 'best interest of the child' regardless of parent/donor contracts." She described a case currently in court where the sperm donor has sued for paternity rights. The case had no physician involved and no contract. "The court ruled that he [the donor] is the father," she said.

Hitchens, who is the lawyer for the mother in the case said that the decision was just made three weeks ago in the State Superior Court, but is being appealed. "It's the first of its kind in the state of California," Hitchens said. The legal precedent will depend upon what happens in the State Court of Appeals. Hitchens said that the "case is under seal," so information regarding names and other specifics cannot be released.

SEMEN FOR ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION HAS only recently been made available through sperm banks. The other options that have been available to women have been to go through a private physician, who could get the semen from a bank, or to seek out their own donors.

Jennifer Meyer and Kate Hill, a lesbian couple in Santa Cruz who have a 10-month-old son, Toby Hill-Meyer, explained how they went about the pregnancy. Meyer, who carried the child, explained, "I met the man, and we interviewed him, and within 48 hours I was pregnant.." Meyer said they signed a contract stating that the donor had no visitation rights and no obligation to child support.

"We paid him $10 and, legally, that's the end of the relationship," Meyer said. While this is the extent of the written agreement, Meyer said that the verbal agreement between the couple and the donor is that "he can know Toby, and help with child care...we have him over for dinner...[but] we have the written contract to fall back on." She explained that she and Hill have signed two wills, guardianship papers and a medical consent form to legally assure that the co-parent is given custody and decision-making rights in the event of the death of one of the partners or in case of a medical emergency.

The lack of a legal precedent for sperm donor contracts leaves a big question mark for Meyer and other mothers like them. Meyer said that she and her partner hope the contract would stand up in court but admitted "Anything can be contested...Hopefully the courts will listen to what the will [and contract] says."

Another couple, Tonia Cole and Judy Pasquinelli, said they are planning on having a baby, but are "waiting to see about an adoption." Cole said that if the adoption falls through she plans to be inseminated by her partner's brother. "Through a clinic," she said, "you don't know the donor. You pick characteristics, but don't know the identity." Cole explained that their particular family situation is a supportive one and therefore she is confident that no legal complications would arise.

Cole expressed the reason why many lesbians choose insemination rather than a one-time sexual intercourse experience with a man. "It would mean being unfaithful. Even for a baby, I couldn't be with anybody else." She spoke of the psychological and emotional stress it would place on the relationship. "It's something Judy and I are doing together. This way there is a bond between the co-parents and the child." Raboy explained the advantage expressed by single women who come to the sperm bank. "They see it as more respectful. You're not lying to someone about the relationship and planning to never see him again."

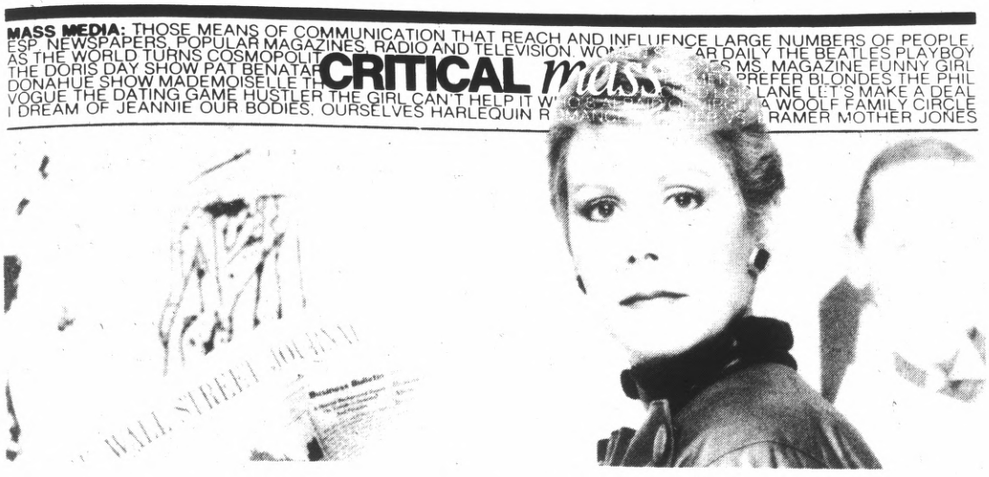
Sherikan Eagle, a mother by insemination, chose yet another method of safeguarding her right to her baby. She had two donors, one she knew and one she didn't know. This way, she doesn't know for sure who the natural father is. "I'm really glad I don't know who the father is," she said, "it could be emotionally hard for both me and [my son] if he ever wanted to find out who his real father is."

Eagle said that she was single when she conceived her son Kita, but has since developed a co-parenting relationship with a woman. They plan on signing guardianship contracts in the near future.

Women who choose birth by insemination are breaking new ground, yet they do so without the security of knowing they are protected by the law. Their custody rights could be threatened at any time in the long life of their child because no legal standards exist to support their position. Whether the mother is a single woman or a lesbian co-parent, the concept of motherhood without a male partner is a break from the traditional nuclear family. As Barbara, whose son Ray is two and a half, stressed "Regardless of how it's done, you become a parent and you go through the problems every parent has."



Drawing by MELISSA SIKES



Esquire Gives You Women

by Sharan Street

IN A CURRENT TV COMMERCIAL FOR A NATional credit card, two well-dressed businesspeople, a man and a woman, check their mail in an urban apartment building. They both find new plastic waiting for them, but the woman has received a more prestigious card. They turn to part like two ships when the woman, looking pensive, invites her less successful acquaintance for a drink to break in her new card. A smartly-tailored beauty with a well-padded bankroll—this is the new female professional. She's sharp, she's successful, she's beautiful, and she brightens the lives of the men she meets.

She is the female yuppie, the young urban (or upwardly mobile) professional who cherishes good food, meaningful work, and a sensitive partner to share her lifestyle. Upwardly mobile in fact or *in fantasy*, yuppies of either sex seek the good life they know is waiting for them at some chic Manhattan address.

Those who read magazines targeted at young professionals know that more than a few corporations would like to part the yuppie from his or her money. This desire has generated a lot of magazine advertising, and has been the salvation of several upscale publications. *Esquire* is a good case in point. A venerable men's magazine which fell on hard times in the '70s, *Esquire* was rejuvenated by a flood of yuppie-oriented advertising. Its pages are now filled with ads that celebrate the good life: credit card ads, slick photos of men's fashions and colognes, and ads promoting cars, tobacco and liquor.

Esquire is not just for yuppies, it's read by urban professionals, or would-be professionals, of varying ages. But its demographics do tend toward the younger, and its emphasis is the urban professional at play. More than anything else, the yuppie at play wants to read about himself, and *Esquire* has complied. The magazine has covered men's woes about aging, family, sex, and money. *Esquire* has applauded the New Fitness, the New Father, and other facets of the New Man. Now, this month's *Esquire* is titled, "A Celebration of the New American Woman." The June issue is filled with hefty features on this admirable phenomenon.

This collection of articles illustrates the strides made by women in changing old stereotypes and penetrating male territory. But even more than that, the copy illustrates how middle and upper-middle class men have adjusted to liberal feminism and learned to exploit it.

According to the editor's preface, this special issue was conceived to "applaud today's woman for all her accomplishments, and to consider what life is like for the woman of 25 to 45 in this new world." But it's not every woman who interests the magazine's editors. Women over 45 are apparently too tradition-bound to be changed by feminism (like the 50-year-old Gloria Steinem?),and women of color and lesbians are completely ignored. So who is today's woman? She's the female yuppie, celebrated for bringing in her own paycheck and opening her own doors.

The articles in June's *Esquire* are divided into seven sections, corresponding to different roles in a woman's life. As defined by the editors (men and women), these roles are Professional, Lover, Competitor, Mother, Daughter, Activist, and Partner. The editors believe these functions define a woman's experience, but the articles mostly describe how today's woman relates to the men in her life.

Four of these roles—mother, daughter, lover, and partner—are traditional social interactions between men and women. In these sections of the magazine, the writers examine the changes in marriage, motherhood, and love—changes which work to the man's advantage. Men praise the liberated women who pick up their own tab, don't press for marriage, and don't even nag for child support.

In this praise for the new woman, one can sense scorn for the old one. In two of the stories, male authors describe their relief at escaping a traditional marriage and making a second liaison with an exciting, equal (but probably younger) partner. One wonders, sadly, what happened to the discarded wives.

In examining women's participation in traditionally male pursuits (Competitor, Professional, and Activist), the articles also focus on the goodies that fall to those who are attached to a working woman. The benefit of the two-paycheck family and the spunkiness of female colleagues are both positive results of the increased number of professional women.

But strangely there is no overlap between Competitor and Professional. Professional woman are not viewed as competition, because their lives are difficult enough to keep them from threatening male colleagues. The life of the career woman is portrayed as stressful because it creates conflicts by threatening a woman's relationships with men. One article, "Having it All," cautions about the difficulty in juggling family and work. In "The $100,000 a year Woman," an astute businesswoman is profiled and rendered harmless because she's too successful to find the right man.

The Woman as Activist role also provides assistance in maintaining male power. Activists from history are celebrated, and it's clear that woman as activist is chosen to be the conscience of society—a powerless figure who will intervene with the powerful men to aid the homeless and hungry. An article by Barbara Ehrenreich on the gender gap and an interview with Gloria Steinem are included to reinforce the concept that women are the humanizers and modifiers of male power. This attitude implies that it is power that corrupts, and that, if women are to remain pure, they must remain powerless.

Liberal feminists would protest the contention that the middle-class women's movement has played into the hands of middle-class men. But reading this month's *Esquire*, it's striking how many advantages feminism has provided for men—without demanding a decrease in their privilege and power. Men in the middle and upper classes can encourage their mates to seek jobs and political clout because a consolidation of their money and influence protects the man's class interests.

It's frequently said that a woman needs a mentor to be successful in a prestige profession. That mentor is a man who molds his protege until she is prepared to uphold the interests of the elite group. Only then is she acceptable as a potential powerbroker—when she will defend the interests of men. That's why lesbians and Black women and Latinas won't appear in *Esquire* as representatives of the new woman. They just can't be trusted to maintain the new status quo.

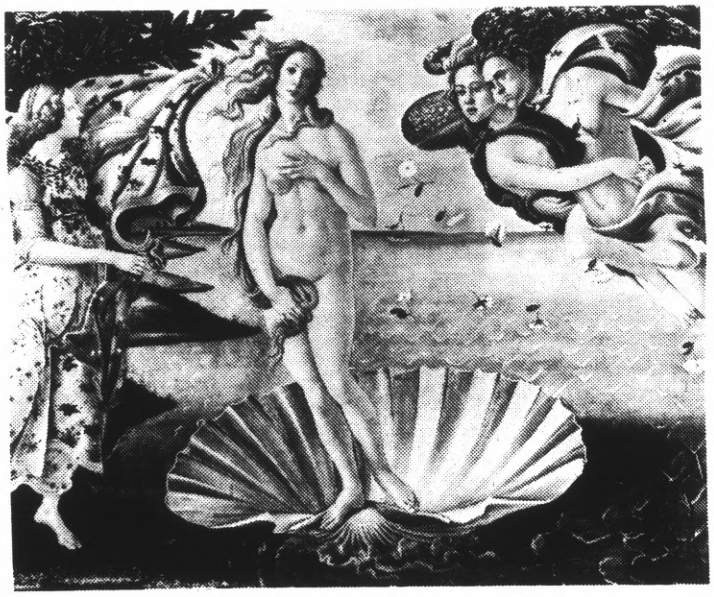
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WOMEN'S *clips*

Quote of the Week

A man puts a woman on a pedestal so he won't have to look her in the eye.

—Anonymous

No Stage Fright

There will be two benefits next week for the National Festival of Women's Theater. On Monday, May 28, at 8pm at the Louden Nelson Community Center a women's theater group, "At the Foot of the Mountain," will be presenting their play *Las Gringas*. The play is about the struggle for self-determination, and there will be a discussion afterward with members of the Coalition for Nicaragua.The film *Junkie* will premiere on Tuesday , May 29, also at the Louden Nelson at 8pm. The film, based on a stage play by Martha Boesing, is a rich mosaic of images exploring addiction to chemicals, work, food, commodities, violence and sex, and working toward overcoming such addictions. There will also be a discussion afterward with members of Wingspread, a local comprehensive health clinic for women. For both events there will be a $5-7 sliding scale fee and free childcare. For more information call 426-6387.

Illegal Terror

The leader of an anti-abortion group is due to publish a book this summer that advocates verbal threats of the personnel and patients of women's health clinics, where abortions are provided.

The *National NOW Times* reports that Joseph Schiedler, Director of the Pro-Life Action League, has written a book titled *Ninety-Nine Ways to Close the Abortion Clinics*. It provides tips on legal harassment and also suggests such tactics as hiring private detectives, using bullhorns to intimidate women as they enter clinics for abortions or abortion counseling, and leaving what Scheidler calls, "night telephone messages" at the homes of clients and employees of clinics.

Harassment of abortion clinics has been rising steadily over the past few years. The National Abortion Federation, a professional association of doctors and abortion clinics, has recorded 44 incidents of harassment at abortion clinics in the US in just the first two months of this year, compared to a total of 147 incidents for all of 1983. (Her Say)

Reagan Looks at Porn

A national commission to study the effects of pornography was announced Monday by President Reagan, at the same time as he signed legislation to help prosecutors fight the sexual exploitation of children. A presidential commission on the same subject in 1970 concluded that there was "no evidence that exposure to or use of explicit sexual materials play a specific role in the causation of social or individual harms."

The new commission has been set up under Attorney General William French Smith, and is expected to deliver a final report in six months to two years. The commission was created to take a second look at the findings of the older study. "The evidence that has come out since that time, plus the tendency of pornography to become increasingly more extreme, shows that it is time to take a new look at this conclusion, and it's time to stop pretending that extreme pornography is a victimless crime," said Reagan.

The new law Reagan signed is directed at preventing the sexual abuse of children through child pornography. "If we do not move against this [pornography] and protect our children, then we as a society just aren't worth much," Reagan said. The law raised the maximum fine both for first time offenders and subsequent offenses to a maximum of $200,000, as well as raising the age of those covered by the law from 16 to 18.

Government Funding Cut? Open a Brothel

In 1981, a small band of Paiute Indians attempted to open a business—a house of prostitution—on their desert reservation in Nevada, but their proposal was quickly vetoed. "Economic development of Indian reservations is a primary goal of this administration and federal policy in general," said James Stevens, head of the regional office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. "However, commerce generated by prostitution is not the kind of economic development envisioned by federal policy." Tribal leaders disagree, saying they need the profit; their lawyer has filed notice of appeal with the 9th US Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco.

Jim Toner, the tribe's business manager, said the idea for opening a brothel came up shortly after the Reagan administration began cutting federal funding to the Paiute reservation in Moapa. "Initially, there was a lot of tittering and laughing," he said,"but as the proposal developed, it seemed it might be the only source of revenue available." In the last three years, federal funding for the Paiute reservation has dropped more than half, has dropped by more than half, and unemployment is currently 82 percent. In March 1982 the tribe signed a lease with a brothel owner "of good repute" to open a house of prostitution a half-hour drive from Las Vegas. Tribal leaders expect most of the women for the brothel to come from the Paiute reservation.

The bureau's main objection is a Nevada law that bans houses of prostitution in counties with populations greater than 250,000. The only country with a population that size is Clark County, which includes the reservation. The Paiutes contend that their lands are not governed by state regulations but by the federal government. Earl Monsey, the tribe's lawyer, points to several Appeals Court decisions that allowed Indians in California and Florida to operate high-stake bingo games despite state laws.

Cool's New School

by Arthur Spring

"I WORK LIKE A SLAVE TO KEEP THIS PLACE A dump," the owner of the Blackhawk said of his famous San Francisco jazz club in the early sixties. Aside from his obvious humor, he was making an insightful commentary on the nature of US jazz clubs. The most famous and artistically fertile have traditionally been dives. Born in a New Orleans brothel, raised in a Chicago speakeasy, and reaching full maturity in a New York joint called Minton's, Jazz prospered on society's fringe. Even the bop meccas of the fifties and sixties maintained the mystique of marginality. The Village Vanguard and Los Angeles' Lighthouse cultivated the atmosphere (and turned profits) by keeping the lights dim, the wallpaper worn and the air smokey.

But high overhead costs and the inability of Jazz to recruit new generations of listeners are killing the old clubs. San Francisco's Keystone Korner was the most recent casualty. Its death left the city—once known for its abundance of clubs—without a single all-jazz nightspot.

Fortunately new institutions are arising to fill the vacancies, especially in Central California cities and towns. The Jazz and World Music Society in Santa Barbara, the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society, the Kuumbwa Jazz Center in Santa Cruz and



The Bay Area Jazz Society in San Francisco now make up a sort of mini circuit for touring boppers.

This week the Kuumbwa Jazz Center celebrates its ninth anniversary. Its longevity is local proof of the viability of the new non-profit jazz club to give jazz a home.

"Jazz is no longer making it on its own," said Tim Jackson, who co-founded the Kuumbwa with Sheba Burney and Rich Wills in 1975. "The stereotypical jazz clubs are dying out. The music now needs to be presented from an art standpoint. If it is going to survive it has to be accorded the same respect and financial support that is given to classical music."

For the Kuumbwa, that support comes in the form of private donations and government grants. It currently receives funding from the National Endowment for the Arts, the California Arts Council, and the Cultural Council of Santa Cruz. "It [financial aid] becomes more important every year," said Jackson. "We've been through several fundraising drives and use direct mail solicitation of funds."

Jackson characterized the Kuumbwa's existence as a constant effort to "keep our heads above water financially," but in less than a decade the Center has developed an international reputation among musicians. The list of past shows is formidable: Elvin Jones, Dexter Gordon, Pharoah Sanders and Art Blakey are a few of the stars who make the Kuumbwa a regular stop on their west-coast tours.

The non-profit nature of the Kuumbwa allows it to maintain a "no nonsense" atmosphere in which all attention is focused on the music. "We're not really a jazz club in the old sense," said Jackson. "I'd like people to think of us as a combination club and concert hall. We serve food, beer, and wine, but we don't have distractions like waitresses pushing drink minimums."

Cosmetically, the Kuumbwa Jazz Center has little in common with the stereotypical jazz den. It is meticulously clean, often features local artists on its walls, and the air is fresh. Smoking is prohibited. But according to Jackson, the atmosphere is appreciated by the artists for more than its novelty.

"They immediately sense that we mean business here, that this place [exists] for the music and not to make somebody rich. The audience should get the bulk of the credit, actually. It's respectful. It knows when to make noise and when to shut up."

The Kuumbwa audience is not your typical group of jazz aficionados. "We get quite a cross section—students, people from Monterey, professionals, and even some senior citizens," said Jackson.

The Kuumbwa produces two shows a week with the Monday night show featuring an artist of international recognition. Because of the size of Santa Cruz, more shows would be financially unfeasible. "We can never show a group more than once a year. We find that the first time around for an artist is always the best—after that the audiences decline. We have to be real careful about who we bring in. We can't afford to take too many losses," he added.

Though Santa Cruz is too small to ever support a seven-night-a-week jazz club, many major cities boasted several until recently. The deaths of Parnell's in Seattle, The Keystone Korner, and the increasingly rock-oriented venues of the Baked Potatoe and Dante's in Los Angeles attest to the growing unprofitability of the music.

"The only place in this country the seven-night-a-week jazz club can survive is New York. Every other place is having a hard time now and it will probably stay that way," Jackson predicted.

Yet rising overhead costs are only partially to blame. The music itself is clearly failing to attract audiences. In comparison to the artistic explosions of the fifties and sixties, the past 12 years were strikingly stagnant and unproductive. The biggest names—McCoy Tyner, Miles Davis, Chick Corea—continue to perform but they all made their major contributions at least a decade ago. When Leonard Feather, jazz critic emeritus, chose a collection of previously unreleased Thelonious Monk material recorded in the fifties as one of "1983's best records," it became pitifuly clear: jazz is not living up to its own past achievements. As a result, it is not longer able to support itself without the patronage of non-profit organizations like the Kuumbwa Jazz Center.

Decades from now, when jazz historians look back on the post World War II years, they will no doubt cite the fifties as the era of the Cool, the sixties as the epoch of Coltrane and Coleman, and the seventies as the era of fusion. It is possible now to envision future chroniclers characterizing the eighties as the time when non-profit organizations like the Kuumbwa preserved jazz when it was on a very down beat. ✓

The Kuumbwa Jazz Center celebrates its ninth anniversary this Sunday at Duck Island, San Lorenzo Park. The free concert features Los Schleppos Tipicos, The Rush Hour Rythm Section, and Impressions and begins at 1 pm. It is partially sponsored by the City of Santa Cruz.



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MUSIC

Steel Pulse Interview

Goodnight Iree

by David Gingold



Cover photo from Steel Pulse's breakthrough 1982 album *True Democracy.*

THERE WAS A SUBVERSIVE FEELING IN THE air even before Steel Pulse took the stage at the Civic Sunday night. Sunlight from the waning day outside seeped into the hall from the chinks in the blackout curtains, as a growing crowd filled the dance floor. Like conspirators coming together for an underground rally, the crowd joined with the band, brought together by a reggae sound hard enough to justify the group's name, Steel Pulse.

Lead singer David Hinds commanded the stage with his near biblical presence—white robes trimmed with Ites [red], green and gold, and Kongo-locks towering from his head like a huge Black fist lifted in a defiant gesture. The visual impression of Steel Pulse corresponded to the music. This was no 'Lover's Rock,' or watered-down ska, this was Roots.

The band strode through their numbers with an incredible tightness and pride. Their hard climb from the Handsworth ghetto in Birmingham, England has begun to pay off: the message of Steel Pulse is beginning to reach home.

Phonso Martin, the percussionist who joined Steel Pulse in 1977, spoke recently with *City on a Hill* about the band's fierce commitment to social change. Of their early days playing in and around Birmingham, Martin said, "the other bands were performing cover versions, love songs...party-type songs" that weren't saying much. At the outset, Steel Pulse decided that they would do their own songs, or if they performed others' material, it would be on the order of the Marley/Tosh composition "Get Up, Stand Up."

Club owners were not at first interested in Steel Pulse because of the volatile nature of their songs: "We'd go on stage and we'd start to sing, and the people would tell us 'Come off stage!' because they don't want to hear this music," Martin said. Steel Pulse emerged even more firmly committed to pursuing their own musical direction. "We always had the faith to continue, didn't let that [the hecklers] stop us or shake us, you know, because if you be individual you'll get more acclaim than if you're just following the mainstream. And that's what we done."

The band's first fans were English punk rockers. "Young people have this kind of bilious nature," Martin said, explaining the attraction of punks to Steel Pulse's aggressive sound. Their turning point came in a 1977 appearance at London's punk mecca, The Vortex, where they opened for Generation X. They were the first reggae group to ever perform at the club, and shortly afterwards Steel Pulse began to cultivate a reggae audience.

It is ironic that a group with such a strong, militant Black consciousness achieved prominence playing to almost all-white audiences. Phonso Martin is not reluctant to address this issue. "To me, reggae music is basically a Black music. For the commercial part of it—playing in the clubs, selling a million records, I mean, you need the help of the white audience to achieve something like that. But the people who sustain the music and keep it kicking over on a regular basis are the Black people."

When asked how the message of Steel Pulse weathers the Atlantic crossing, Martin replied, "Basically a lot of our lyrics pertain directly to America." Martin spoke of the album *True Democracy* and the impetus of American figures Malcolm X and Dr. Martin Luther King. Underlying many of their lyrics on *Tribute to the Martyrs* is the relationship between Americans and the children of West Indian immigrants in England. "Before Rasta had really come into England we was getting news of Soledad Brothers, Angela Davis, you know. We knew all about the struggling that was happening in America. And the struggle in America was like a main thing for us. Even in England, there was nothing...people were living under difficulties, having problems and such, you know—Black people, but there was no struggle, no fight like there was in the states here."

Martin had some thoughts on the reasons that American Blacks have been slow to accept reggae music: "Reggae music is one vehicle to deliver a kind of consciousness. But there are other American artists that the militant Blacks have taken in—like Gil-Scott Heron for one. Even though some Americans are Black, they are still Americans, and certain things are alien to them. Even just coming from Jamaica, there's a barrier still."

Some critics have decried the current Steel Pulse album *Earth Crisis* as detached and over-produced—a betrayal of the raw feeling of albums like *True Democracy,* released in 1982. Phonso Martin says of such criticism, "That was a time and space that's gone." He defends the music that Steel Pulse is producing today: "We want people to hear the music. The most important thing is, that the music is out there and people are listening."

The cover art of the *Earth Crisis* album, created by Neville Garrick, is a striking compilation of images which features the Pope sandwiched between President Reagan and a then—living Yuri Andropov. About the cover Martin said, "Under all those banners—under the religious banner and such, under the capitalistic banner, under the communist banner, there's just nothing but starvation across the world. There's supposed to be so much technological development in this age but starvation is not being eradicated." He pursued the theme of religion, echoing the feelings in "Get Up, Stand Up," "This religious thing helps to put people down, give them false facts. We have to believe that everything is here right now. There's nothing in the sky or nothing like that."

Right here right now Steel Pulse was finishing up a world tour, playing hard music with a hard message, strictly rockers. ✓



Photo by ANNIE VALVA

Joe Mama

by Joe McGowan

WHEN JOE JACKSON'S BAND WALKED OFF the stage of the Civic last Saturday night, the English pop artist remained at center stage, solemnly cleaning the reed of his alto sax. "Thanks," he said, "for coming to the smallest gig on my last tour." The news that Joe Jackson may never tour again may have disappointed many who attended, but surprised few. What occurred at the relatively small Santa Cruz Civic, pointed out a dance-concert is no longer suitable for Jackson's music.

Jackson, who developed his popular following with a tight boppy mixture of rock and reggae on albums such as *Get Sharp* and *I'm the Man*, now plays a more individual style incorporating brassy jazz and salsa. His versatile band shifts from quiet passages on the flute and high hat symbols, to thunderous crescendos powered with bright tenor saxophone, and Jackson's intensely emotional voice.

After a lively start, Jackson who sang, played alto sax, and occasionally piano, became increasingly annoyed with the constant, but not unusual noise of the young audience—a problem he confronted at other shows. What began as a good natured call for silence, however, developed into a threat to not play a particularly quiet song. As a result of this tension, the band—while upholding a professional perfectionism—often lacked the willingness to stretch out musically.

The most effective effort in the set was "Slow Song" from the *Night and Day* LP. Jackson's desire to shed his old image and play a slow song rang with a sincerity which seemed to epitomize his feelings about the tour. A gentle and musically clean version of "Breaking Us In Two," and a soulful playing of a new song "The Verdict," also stood out from less forceful works.

Upbeat tunes were few in number and played a minor part in the show. The band did, however, manage to break from its almost prefabricated sound to do an untried rendition of "Sunday Papers." A Bo Diddly drum riff, with bluesy saxophone lines replacing the background vocals, got the house shaking. Vocal interplay between Jackson and bassist Graham Maby brought a stock version of "Beat Crazy" to life. Joe didn't catch the mood, however, on two other upbeat numbers. "Jumpin Jive" showed his amazing verbal dexterity, but it didn't swing. Also unconvincing was "TV Age," which the band preceded with a few dozen bars of unexciting, albeit professional jamming.

Jackson made an honest attempt to use humor to round off some of the serious edges of the show. In exchange for a little quiet, he offered an autographed photo of a member of Judas Priest. He also renamed his band the Post Nuclear Holocaust Quartet to do an acoustic take of his biggest hit to date, "Is She Really Going Out with Him?" with piccolo, tambourine, accordion, and plucked violin.

Yet, because of the continuous use of sarcasm in both his stage act and his song writing, Jackson's broader message is not always clear. "Cha Cha Loco," with stereotypical salsa piano and background vocals, could be a jab at critics who fault his impressionability. The album cover mimics Blue Note label jazz records in the '40s. Such blatant nostalgia seems to be only a false lead to the meaning of his music. A theme of self-determinism can be found in the light funk tune, "You can't get what you want, until you know what you want." "Go For It" brings out the same ideas, but comes off like a Pepsi commercial.

Likewise, a degree of self-determination was evident in Jackson's insistence on silence. Unfortunately, he failed to use these abilities to demand the easiest solution to the problem—a sitdown show. ✓

FILM

Scotch n' Watery

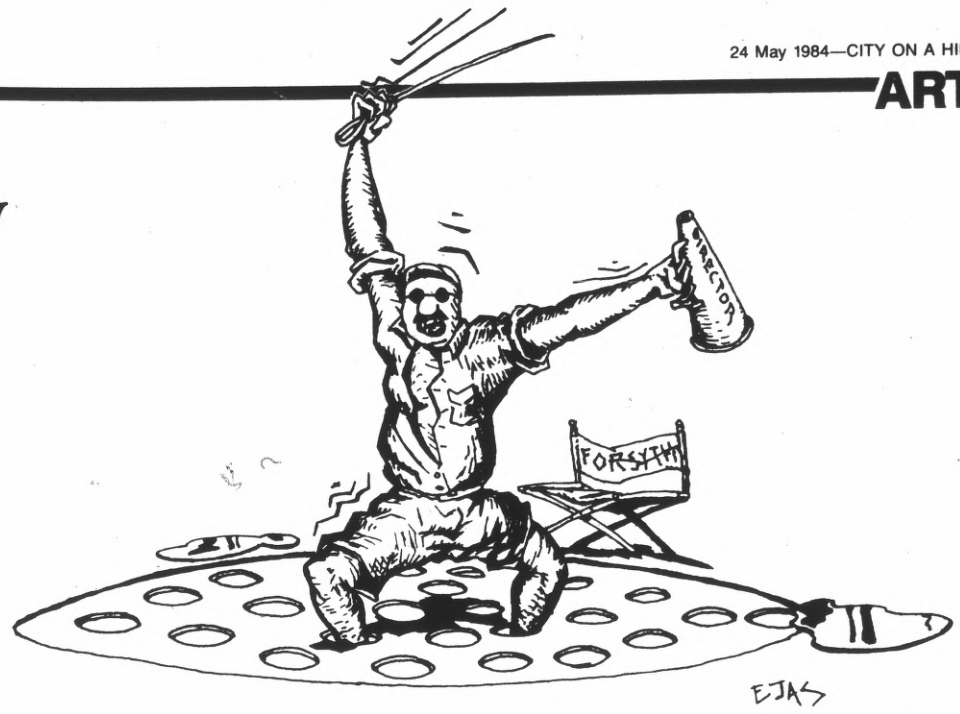


Illustration by ERIC SHAW

by **Dave Pyle**

AWKWARD ADOLESCENTS IN SHORT-CUT jeans amble about the streets of Glasgow in *That Sinking Feeling,* an extremely awkward film by Bill Forsyth. The film is a re-release of Forsyth's first attempt at filmmaking. At times, it seems to examine the effects of the depressed Scottish economy, where almost none of the young have jobs, then it jumps to a realm of almost surreal absurdities, where it requires an effort to suspend disbelief.

The lead protagonist, Ronnie (Robert Buchanan), is out of work and depressed. He has just tried to kill himself by drowning on a mouthful of cornflakes and milk. When his attempt fails, he goes to his hangout, a blustery and dank park, where he begins berating the statue of an old general. "You had it pretty soft," he shouts. A bum asleep on the bench wakes up and sends Ronnie packing, "I canna get any sleep with ya gabbin' about!"

Ronnie is not very happy. Sitting in their wheelless junk car, he compares his life to that of his mates, Wal (Billy Greenlees), Vic (John Hughes), and Simmy (Douglas Sannachan), and decides there has to be more to life than what they are doing. "There's got to be a way out," he tells them.

Later, as he passes a hardware store, he sees in the display window a glittering stainless steel sink. To him it must seem to represent the kind of life he at once hates and admires. A plan brews in his head: His mates and he should steal a hundred or so of the sparkling beauties and then...well, he's not so sure what they'll do with them, but what a *super* plan! Ronnie has little trouble convincing Vic, Wal and Simmy to join him and they all go out to round up the "gang." The operation is underway.

Forsyth's first film lacks the seamless editing that is a trait of his later films. It appears to be a low-budgeted, low-keyed production. In the hands of another director the crude editing and shoddy sound equipment (the lip synch seems to be off at times) would have sunk the film. However, thanks to Forsyth's light-handed touch, the edges, rough or otherwise, end up being part of the overall effect.

In Forsyth's later films, especially *Local Hero,* he crosses the invisible line between reality and fantasy with much greater assurance than he does in this film. At times the parameters set up in the beginning seem to be violated for the sake of sheer absurdity. Perhaps these flights to and from fantasy are just an obscure Scottish way of dealing with such painful subjects as class struggle and rites of passage.

Indeed, as the film moves along, Ronnie and his mates gain self-respect as well as maturing into proper adults—thieves, but proper adult thieves nonetheless. We end up feeling that the mates have fought and won against the entropy and decay that encompass their lives. Flat jokes and a sometimes unbelievable storyline do not detract from this positive message.

The movie is patched with bright spots and hilarious incidents. At one point, Vic, who has to dress up like a woman to distract the night guard at the hardware store, quizzes his increasingly suspicious girlfriend on the correct use of makeup, clothing, etc. "Would you wear a brown skirt with a red top?" he asks intently. Later, on the day before the robbery, Ronnie has a run-in with the law; while casing the joint one last time he is spotted by a policeman who gives chase. Luckily the bobby turns out to be an old friend from school days, but he jokingly cuffs Ronnie who then realizes that he doesn't have the key with him. The trip to the station to get the keys gives Ronnie a grim reminder of the price of failure.

At times the comedy takes on a physical, pantomime quality. In one scene the driver of the getaway van, an assistant delivery boy cum chemist named Burt, drugs his partner with a concoction he has whipped up. What follows is five minutes of silent burlesque reminiscent of the best of Laurel and Hardy or the Marx Brothers. Because the actors were all relatively inexperienced, this physical comedy brought scenes to life that might have fallen flat if they would have had to rely on spoken lines.

The end result of the film is unevenness: it has a patchwork quality that leaves you unsure as to what will happen next. There are moments that ring true and clear, followed by jokes that fall completely flat. Forsyth has proved in his subsequent films that he is a subtle, innovative filmmaker. He brings a certain unaffected innocence to the genre. *That Sinking Feeling,* however, is too uneven to be rated among his best. It is an enjoyable film if we don't look too closely.

That Sinking Feeling is playing at the Nickelodeon.

ANNOUNCE*ments*

To submit an announcement, get a typed press release to the Stonehouse by Monday at 5pm. If you don't edit it, we will, so please keep them as short as possible.

A PERFORMANCE ART COLLECTIVE is now forming. We seek persons of diverse backgrounds to join us in creative play and collaboration amongst equals. The purpose is to explore our seeming limitations and modes of expression within the group, rather than to produce or perform for an audience as an end goal. No experience is necessary. Call Andrew at 458-1247 or Elizabeth at 458-3123.

WE NEED YOUR SUMMER ADDRESS: If the address verification slip at your college office is incorrect, please contact the Office of the Registrar by July 27 so your fall registration packet is sent to the right place.

CHICANO STUDIES COLLOQUIA SERIES— MAY 29, Dr. Carlos Arce, National Chicano Council on Higher Education, Austin, Texas, will speak on "Chicanos in Graduate Education: Problems and Solutions"; and June 5, Dr. Alma Garcia, Department of Sociology, University of Santa Clara, will speak on "Bringing Chicanas into the Frame of Chicano Studies."

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS BLOODMOBILE returns to UCSC campus on May 25, stopping at the West Field House, from 1-6pm.

SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY and dance for the Jesse Jackson Campaign: 7pm-11:30pm Saturday night May 26 at the YWCA, 303 Walnut Av. in downtown Santa Cruz. This is a benefit for the Jesse Jackson for President Campaign. For more information please call 425-7997.

THE COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION is holding an informational reception on opportunities in the public school system for math and science students. 311 Clark Kerr Hall, Thursday May 31, 4:30-6pm. For more information, call Steve Schneider, x2041.

THE PEACE ACTION COMMITTEE—a group that has mobilized students and educators on peace issues—empowerment, and international policies is trying to build a peace library in its office. The library will be located below KZSC, behind Crown college. They are looking for any donations of books, literature, bookshelves, etc, anything that will be appropriate for the library. Bring donations to the A-frame on campus or call Sara at 458-2195.

CAREER PLANNING WORKSHOP: May 24, Resume/Interviewing/Job Search, 7pm, CPPC. RECRUITERS: May 31, Hewlett-Packard, Computer Supplies Operation Telemarketing Sales Consultants. (resume and narrative evaluations required). Needs formal interview. TECHNICAL JOB SEARCH WORKSHOP: A student participation workshop designed to aid the graduating senior in a thorough job search. Wed, May 30, 4-5 at the Career Center. FULBRIGHT GRANTS WORKSHOP: Daine Matus will be holding workshops for students interested in applying for Fulbright Grants. The workshops will be held on Thurs., May 24 and Fri., May 25 from 3:30-4:40 in room 219 McHenry Library.

WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW is one of the most articulate theologians examining the relationship between biblical theology and social ethics, an author, social critic and a lawyer who became renowned for his work in the East Harlem ghetto a generation before the "war on poverty." Fri. May 25, 5-6:30 Reception, 314 W. Cliff Dr., Santa Cruz, 7:30 An informal discussion, 118 Woodside Santa Cruz. RSVP 423-1626, 427-1524. Sat., May 26, 10am-1pm, Presentation and workshop, at Resource Center for Nonviolence, 515 Broadway, Santa Cruz. Sun. May 27, 4pm Public Presentation and discussion at Calvary Church, 532 Center St., Santa Cruz.

CAMPUS SWAP MEET! The UCSC Rec Dept. will be sponsoring its first ever CAMPUS SWAP MEET during the annual Spring Festival on May 31. If you are interested in selling, reservations for space are necessary so go by the Rec. office or call 429-2806.

YOU ARE INVITED to our up-coming Hard Time Supper next Friday, May 25. The supper is served from 6 to 8pm at the Santa Cruz YWCA on the corner of Walnut and Chestnut. This evening we will serve a simply prepared Nicaraguan meal. Following the supper is a slide presentation and talk by Odilia Rodriguez of her trip to Managua, Nicaragua.

The Hard Time Suppers is a project of Comite de Solidaridad Con El Salvador. Funds raised are used for solidarity work here and sent to aid refugees in El Salvador.

For more information, call Comite at 429-1039.

THE ANTHROPOLOGY SOCIETY of UCSC is sponsoring a special student conference to be held all day, 8:30am-4:30pm, Wednesday, May 30, at 247 Kerr Hall, UCSC, entitled "New Perspectives In Anthropology: Towards Liberation." Students invited to participate in discussion. Free plus refreshments. More info., call Bradley at 423-7084.

THE NATIONAL MONDALE CAMPAIGN is looking for student volunteers to assist with a wide range of campaign tasks at the Democratic National Convention this summer in San Francisco. If you are interested, join the local campaign by attending our next meeting on campus Friday, May 25, at 4:30pm at the Whole Earth. We need volunteers now to staff tables, leaflet and help with phone banks. For more information call Rebecca Houseman at 476-0199, Michael Ross at 429-4797, or Karl Lamb at 429-2868.

THE COMMITTEE IN SOLIDARITY WITH THE PEOPLES OF THE AMERICAS (CISPA), a campus-wide organization at UCSC, along with other campus and community organization at UCSC, along with other campus and community organizations, will hold a panel Saturday, May 26 at noon, in Classroom Unit II, UCSC, discussing: "The Deadly Connection: US Intervention in Central America, Nuclear Weapons, and Domestic Oppression." Childcare provided.

continued on next page

ANNOUNCEments

THE STEVENSON COLLEGE COFFEE HOUSE is accepting applicants for the 1984-85 school year. The Coffee House is a student run facility and can accommodate a variety of art works. Please call Cindy Rotwein at 429-2020 or come by Stevenson Rm 119 to sign up.

THE OFF-CAMPUS HOUSING PROGRAM has a few advance fall listings for rentals available in September, for which arrangements can be made now. The Off-Campus Housing Program is located in the Housing Services Bldg. across from the West Field House. Hours: 9 am-4:30 pm. Phone: x4435.

CAMPUSWIDE COMMITTEES FOR 1984-85: Student positions are still available on the Affirmative Action, Arts and Lectures, Community Service Projects, EOP/SAA Advisory, Enthic Studies, Financial Aid (minority student needed), Handicapped Services (handicapped student needed), Housing and Food Services, Media Council, Regents' Professors and Lectures, Students with Families, and Unoccupied Cowell Ranch Buildings. Applications at the Campus Activities Office and due on Tuesday, June 5.

ANY PERSON over 16 years of age and in good physical condition may participate in a 3-day (May 26-28) or 7-day (August 20-26) bike trek in support of Lung Association programs. Contact the American Lung Association of Santa Cruz at 425-0336.

SILENT VIGIL IN PROTEST of US militarism and intervention in Central America and the Caribbean. Put your feelings into action and express your dissent each Wednesday at the Whole Earth Parking lot, across from the mailbox: 12:40-12:55 pm.

WILDLANDS RESEARCH announces a 20 percent tuition reduction for UCSC students on selected summer backpacking field studies in Colorado, Montana, and California's highcountry wildlands. For course details, call or write Wildlands Research at 407 Atlantic Avenue, Santa Cruz 95062 427-2106.

GRADUATE STUDENTS: Friday, June 1 is the last day to complete all requirements for a master's or Ph.D degree to be conferred upon completion of spring quarter. Office of the Graduate Division.

"THE DELUSIONS" play at Cha Cha's, Saturday, May 25, 9pm. Come and get deluded!

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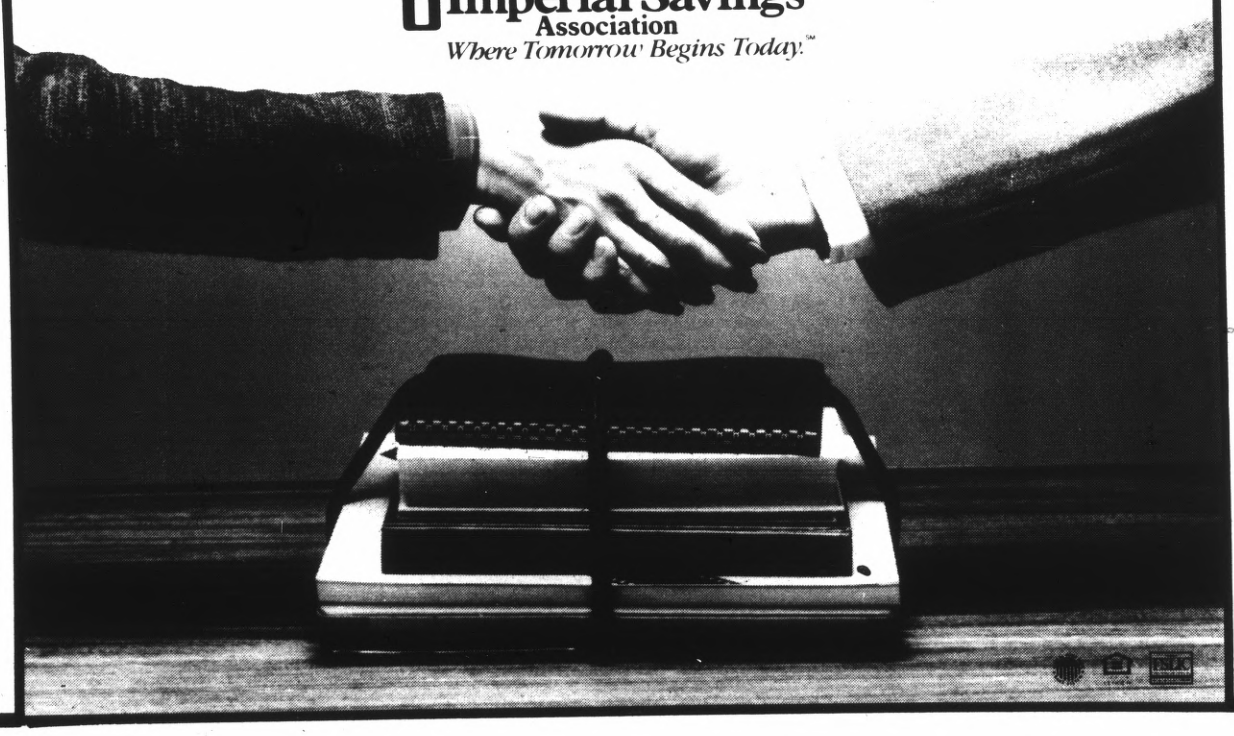
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Help Wanted

SLUGGO'S PIZZA, a Worker's Collective at Porter College is hiring for the next academic year. Relevant Experience Required. Apply in person.

For Sale

MUST SELL!! Hewlett-Packard 97 programmable calculator. Lists for $700, asking $250. Excellent condition, all accessories and manuals, including card reader. Call Doug, 458-2516.

1966 CHEVY 87,000 MILES, ONE OWNER CAR. $450, 427-2505.

1967 VW BUS: NEW ENGINE, CLUTCH, GENERATOR, REGULATOR, 90,000 MILES, ONE OWNER CAR, GOOD CONDITION, $1,500. 427-2505.

VW Rabbit 77 Sunroof. $800. 423-4841 Ashley.

Classic 1969 Toyota Corona. Midnight Blue. Great body and interior. Needs engine work. $400/BO. Call 426-0617 or 429-2430 Charlotte.

Honorable Japanese CLASSICAL GUITAR seeks serene home. Solid cedar top with case: $300! Call Nancy 426-1342 evenings.

Housing

FEMALE HOUSEMATE WANTED. NEAR DOWNTOWN SC. $166/month. CALL 426-1270.

Condominium for lease $525 per month. Two bedrooms, 1½ baths. Near campus and bus. Has pool. Room for rent before July 7th to work into lease. 423-9025.

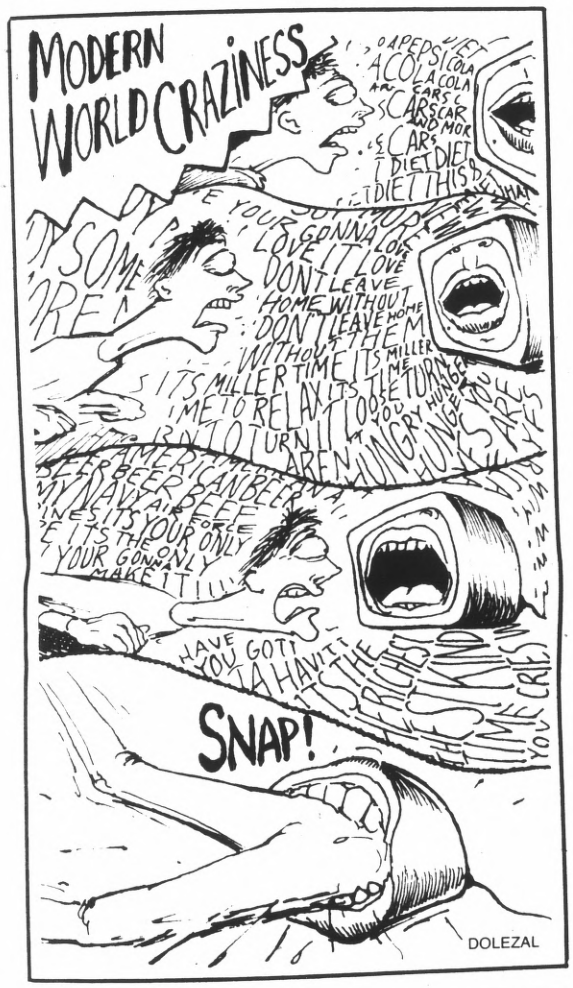
$100 REWARD LEADING TO SUBLET OR RENTAL OF ONE BR APT. OR HOUSE UP TO $400 MONTH. JIM 425-5075, 427-1674.

Lost and Found

FOUND: Guatemalan shirt/jacket at Porter. Tuesday, May 15. Call Katie, 425-7458.



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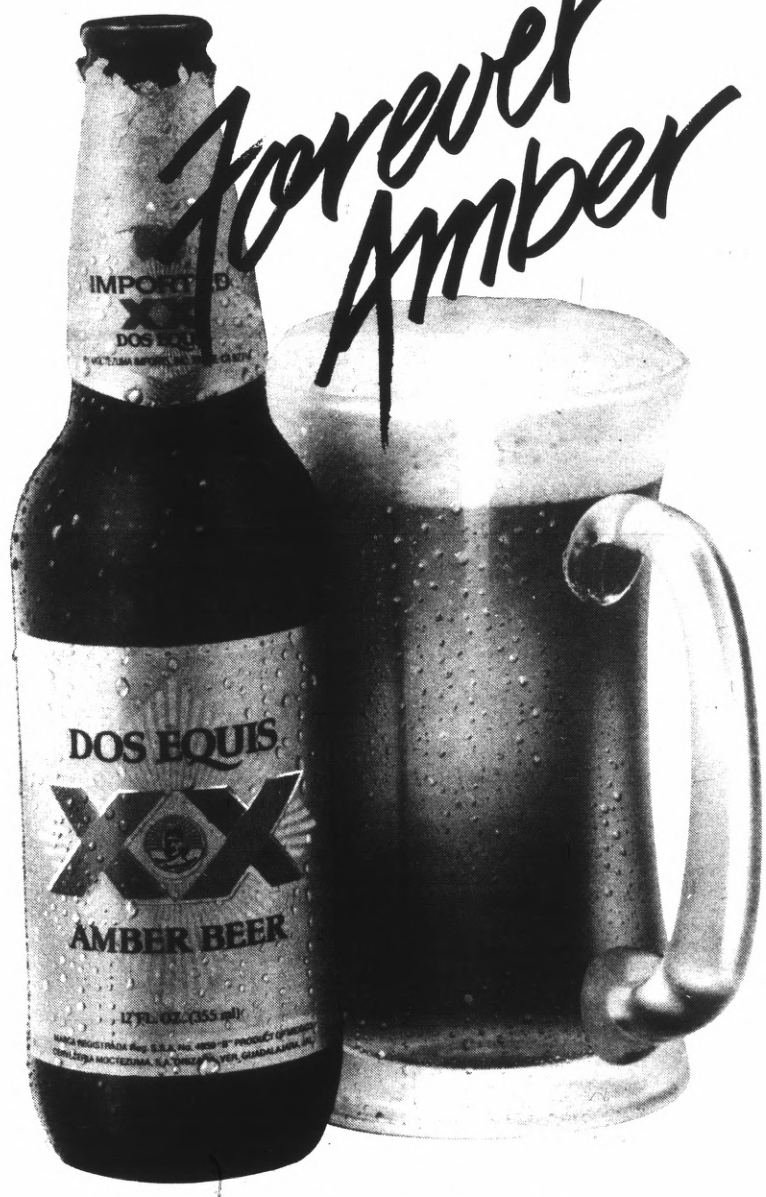
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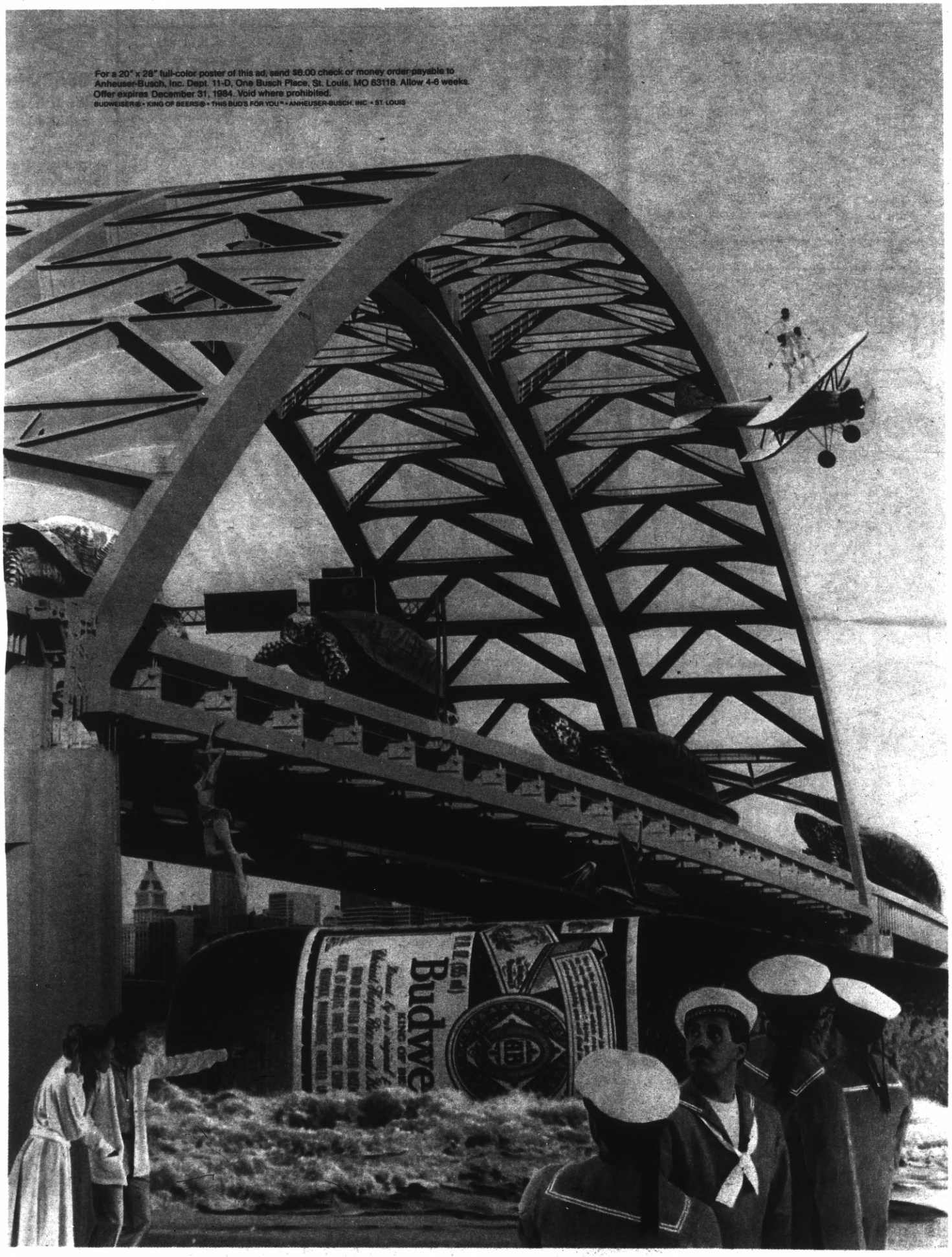
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